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Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist Fish

Verses by Carolyn Wells

1

Kitty was secretary to Miss Lorraine La Rue:
And that lady had a brother, who thrilled Kitty through and through.
One of those stern and silent men,
with grave and somber eyes;
Oh, Kitty thought, who wins that man will surely win a prize!

2

There was a big house party and brother Max was there.
He'd sit and look at Kitty with a melancholy air;
And then he'd gaze at some small thing held hidden in his hand—
Till she was wildly curious—she couldn't understand.

3

If anything was going on she didn't know about,
She had to peek and peer and pry until she found it out.
She sidled up to him and saw—a miniature painted
Of her own face! She gave a gasp and very nearly fainted!

4

Max turned and caught her in his arms and drew her to him; then
Forever he renounced his place 'mong stern and silent men!
"Darling—forgive—a copy made from one you gave to Sis—
I never dreamed——" the rest was lost in an ecstatic kiss.

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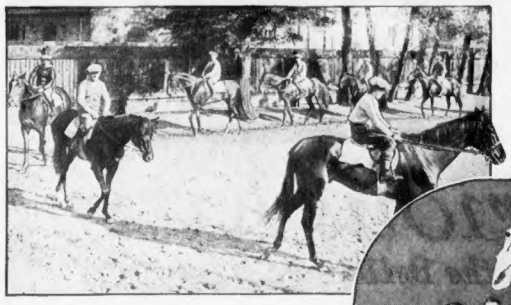
5

The guests stared in amazement, then burst into a cheer;
All the world loves a lover—and Kitty looked so dear.
"I often wondered what it meant to be in love," she sighed;
"My greatest curiosity at last is gratified!"

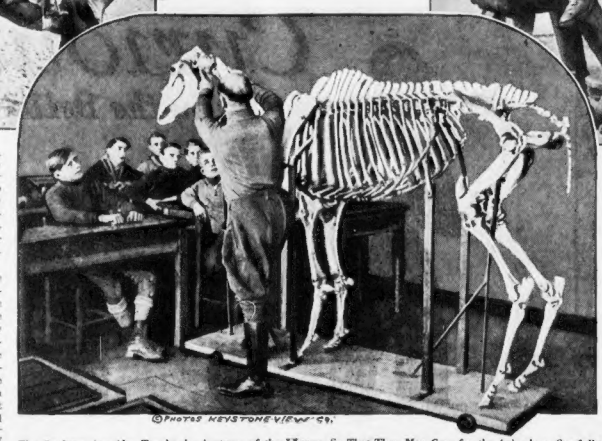
(The End)

The First University For Jockeys



On the Campus of the New Berlin College the Students Ride Some of the Finest of the Country's Blooded Horses, Study Their Equine Temperaments and Acquire a Natural Poise in the Saddle.

Gymnasium "Horses" Come in Very Handy for Practice. The "Dummies" Are Made to the Size of a Horse, But Can Be Reduced by Adjustments for Very Young Students.



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The Students Are Also Taught the Anatomy of the Horse, So That They May Care for the Animals as Carefully and Diligently as an Owner. The Faculty Believes the Jockey Should Know More Than the Groom.

ANYONE who is familiar with the inside story of horse-racing knows that jockeys have to lead a life of rigorous routine in which their hours of work, sleep and play are fixed and their diet is regulated to keep them both light in weight and vigorous in health. In other words, it can be said that the boys who ride the horses are schooled for their jobs.

But it is only within the past few months that a real university for jockeys has been opened. The founders of the university are the members of the Berlin Racing Association, who have decided that Germany is, some day, going to beat the world at the so-called sport of kings.

The students in the institution, which is operated in connection with the largest race track in the German capital, are carefully picked by the officials in charge of the school and by competitive entrance examinations intended to reveal the would-be jockey's physical, mental and temperamental aptitude for horses and racing.

Under the direction of a physical director the young men are kept in the pink of physical condition. Not even in the country's military schools are the pupils required to take a more rigorous course of physical training. Two hours out of every day are spent in the completely equipped gymnasium and another hour is devoted to athletics in the open.

Under the tutelage of an eminent veterinary, the jockeys-to-be are given a complete course in the anatomy of the horse. They begin with a study of the skeleton of a once famous performer on the track and are shown just how Nature put a horse together and what each part is supposed to do, especially in competition with other horses on a race track. They are taught how to diagnose and treat illness in a mount and even how to perform minor operations.

Along with their anatomical studies the young men are taught the rudiments of riding, first on inanimate hobby-horses and, later, on live animals inside a corral. After many weeks of preliminary training they are allowed to ride a horse around the track under the expert eyes of famous trainers.

So thorough is the early training in the university that some of the pupils have given promise of becoming famous riders during the first two or three weeks of their schooling of the track.

The university for jockeys also teaches all there is to know about the selection, upkeep and use of racing equipment, from the horse's saddle to the bow on the rider's cap. For many days the boys are kept busy, along with their other studies, taking care of horses in the stables. Here they learn the tricks of feeding, grooming and housing.

It is on the track, under actual racing conditions, however, that the students in the first real university for jockeys must earn their right to graduate or be dismissed as unsuited to the game. They are supplied with a stableful of blue-blooded mounts on which to prove what they have learned. A boy who fails to develop good racing judgment and who loses too many races by failing to get the most out of his mount in competition, is promptly discharged from the school and assigned to some lesser job about the track.

It is the plan of the Berlin Racing Association, when the depression eases up a bit, to assign graduates of the university to race tracks all over the country. Special attention is also being paid by breeders to the development of strains of horses which will compare favorably with the famous stars of the track reared in this country's famous bluegrass region, in Kentucky. With fast horses and skillful riders, German sportsmen see no reason why they should not some day lead the world in the science of racing horses.

Perfect Golfing by Machinery

IN the Chicago golf school of Bob McDonald, expert at the "ancient and honorable" game which has some five million devotees in this country alone, is a curious contraption which looks like nothing so much as a miniature model of a "roller coaster," one of those breath-taking railways found in every well-equipped amusement park.

But the strange device is not a model of anything; it's a machine by which Instructor McDonald saves himself and his pupils a great deal of time and trouble in acquiring the not-so-simple art of swinging a golf club in the proper arc.

It is said to work wonders for the good player as well as for the wild-swinging "duffer," for it holds the driver, or the brassie, or the midiron, in the proper position from the beginning to the end of a stroke. A person who never has hit a golf ball in his life, can practise for ten minutes on this strange looking device and get the thrill of at least one good 175-yard drive.

Anyone who ever has tried to smack a golf ball straight and long off the tee knows what a job that is until long practice has given him confidence and skill. There are so many things to remember—to take the proper stance, to grip the club just so, to bring the club-head back from the ball in just the right way and at the proper speed, to shift the weight from one foot to the other, to swing down with exactly the right arc and connect squarely with the ball when the club-head is at the maximum of its speed and power. And, of course, the all important follow-through.

Mr. McDonald's golf machine makes it easier for the novice, and even the expert whose game is "off," to perform all these essential movements of the golf stroke, for the machine is placed so that the club, when started back from the ball, rests on the smooth spiral of metal framework and moves along the framework way to the top of the swing and back again. If, when the club gets to the bottom of the swing, it is still in contact with the "track" of the machine, the ball is hit true and hard. In short, the device forces the student to hold his club in the right position all through a stroke.

Many a person who could not seem to acquire the knack of hitting a golf ball, even after many lessons at the hands of a professional, gives the machine credit for teaching him to play a better than average game on the links.

Even the Most Lowly of Duffers Can't Go Wrong in a Drive When Standing Inside This Contraption, by Which Anyone Can Be Taught Stance and Stroke.

Countess Jean de Moustier, Whose Loss of Precious Diamonds in Palermo Recently Developed a Mystery Whose Solution Cost the Life of the Countess' Dog.

How They Found the Countess' Gems

WHEN Countess Jean de Moustier lost her diamond ring, necklaces and brooches, valued at $60,000, from the bedroom of her villa in Palermo, Sicily, the police were faced with one of the most mystifying "robberies" ever perpetrated in that city.

The countess admitted that she had seen the gems on her dressing table fifteen minutes before they disappeared, and that she believed she was alone in the house, except for her pet St. Bernard, which lay on a rug near the bedroom door during the time when she put the jewels on the table and when she discovered they had disappeared. The dog certainly would have barked had anyone tried to enter the room.

For weeks the police worked on half a dozen fruitless clues and were about to abandon the case when the countess' dog fell ill. It was a valuable dog and his mistress immediately called a veterinary who, after a thorough examination, said that the animal had no distemper and had not been injured. The pet had been getting the proper food. He could not tell the countess what ailed the dog.

Two days later the St. Bernard died and the veterinary performed an autopsy to find out, if possible, what killed the pet. It was when he cut open the animal's stomach that two mysteries were solved—the mystery of the dog's illness and the mystery of the lost jewels—for there were the diamonds.

The countess then recalled that her pet had been eating from a dish on the floor beside the dressing table when she placed the gems there. She probably unwittingly had brushed them from the table top into the dish.

Odd Monument To Musician

ONE of the most appropriate and artistic monuments in the world stands in the center of Highgate Cemetery, England. It is the marble replica of a grand piano and marks the grave of A. J. Thornton, a talented pianist who died at the age of 35 years, just as his talent was gaining him fame and fortune, not only in the British Isles but on the Continent as well.

This unusual memorial, believed to be the only one of its kind in existence, was made to the exact measurements of the piano on which Mr. Thornton practiced for his public appearance and on which he composed several notable musical works. The cover is open, just as though the artist were ready to sit down to the keyboard and send his tuneful melodies wafting over the resting place of the dead. In the center just over the keys, the name Thornton is inscribed.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the monument is the bas-relief of the deceased which can be seen above the keyboard in the center. This sculpture shows Mr. Thornton sitting at the keyboard of a piano, improvising the melody for an original composition.

There is a touching love story connected with the marble piano, which was erected by Mrs. Thornton soon after her youthful husband's death. The Thorntons were married after an idyllic romance. They had the common interest of music and Mrs. Thornton devoted her life to making her husband a great artist and a composer of note. The lovers were inseparable, except when the husband was at work, when he preferred to be alone in his study.

His happiness waxed with his fame as a musician and the critics predicted that, within a few years, the Englishman would be one of the finest pianists in the world and the author of compositions which would be played by concert pianists and orchestras everywhere.

When Thornton was on the verge of international acclaim, he was stricken suddenly ill. At first it seemed that his illness was not serious and under the constant nursing of his wife he seemed to be getting well. They decided that he had been working too hard and that when he was strong enough they would take a long trip somewhere—a sort of second honeymoon—before he again plunged into his work. That day never came, because the musician took an unexpected turn for the worse and died in his adoring wife's arms.

On the ground about the feet of the marble symbol of Mr. Thornton's achievements during his short life is a garden of blooming plants, which his wife personally cares for.

PHOTO WIDE WORLD

The Marble Piano in Highgate Cemetery, England, Erected as a Memorial to A. J. Thornton, a Pianist, Who Died at the Age of 35.

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Her Reason Destroyed By Acting Joan of Arc's Death

Fettered to the Stake With Harmless Lights Burning Around Her, Mlle. Paulette Suffers in Imagination All the Death Agonies of the Martyred Maid of Orleans and Becomes a Mindless Lunatic

Some of the Actresses at the Pageant. Mlle. Paulette Is the Second Figure at the Left.

Mlle. Paulette Burbail, Who Enacted the Martyrdom of Joan of Arc at a Pageant Commemorating the 500th Anniversary of Her Martyrdom, and Whose Case Is So Interesting to Psychologists.

The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc at Rouen in 1431. From the Painting by the Distinguished European Artist, J. E. Lenepveu.

PARIS, August 21.

"OH, ROUEN, I fear you will one day repent my death!"

"Water, water!"

"Jesu!"

These were the last words of Joan of Arc, dying at the stake 500 years ago, and as they were repeated by Mademoiselle Paulette Burbail, recently, reenacting that tragedy at Versailles, the great audience, thrilled by her dramatic genius, shuddered in silence, then roared its applause.

It was the climax of a pageant commemorating the anniversary of Joan of Arc's death. Many of the events of her career had been played, and now had come its tragic close in martyrdom.

Mlle. Paulette had been bound to the stake, just as the Maid of Orleans had been. She stood there while flames and smoke arose from fagots piled knee-high above her.

Everyone knew that those fagots were not burning, and that the effects came from colored lights and harmless Bengal fires. But there was such a note of real agony in the words, and there was such torment expressed in the writhings of the white-clad figure that the audience, massed hundreds deep, felt that they were really watching the death of Joan, and that by the art of Mlle. Burbail they had been carried back to the tragic scene at Rouen, half a millennium ago. Here was a great actress—they thought.

The smoke rose higher, hiding the girl. And then the lights were turned out, the harmless fires were quenched, and the acting was over.

But it seemed that Mlle. Burbail did not know this. Her body lay limp and apparently lifeless against her fetters. Two of her fellow actors, who had played the role of executioners, touched her on the shoulder.

"All right, you did splendidly. It's all over," they said as they unbound her from the stake.

Instead of answering, she dropped down among the fagots. Seeing that something was wrong, officers of the pageant came up. Mlle. Paulette was apparently in a deep faint, and doctors were summoned.

At first it was thought that she might accidentally have been burned —although this did not seem possible. The doctors found upon the skin of her legs and her breast some peculiar marks that did look as though they might be slight burns, but promptly decided that whatever they were, they were not the touch of flames because there was not even the slightest scorching of the white robe that had covered her, or upon her underwear beneath it. Yet something clearly had happened to the girl.

She was taken to a hospital. For almost two days the faint or coma continued. Then she regained consciousness.

But it was no longer Paulette who awakened to life. The eyes that looked up at the doctors and nurses were vacant and staring. The sounds that came from her lips were a meaningless babble. The girl who had played the part of Joan of Arc was a mindless idiot.

She had put herself so completely in the place of the immortal heroine of France, and had so completely imagined the sufferings of the Maid that her mind—that conscious part of her which was Paulette Burbail—had died as completely as Joan of Arc had died under the flames 500 years before.

The colored lights and Bengal flames and smoke which the spectators knew to be harmless had been real to her. The cries and agonies which they had thought so dramatically simulated had been real to Paulette. She had felt the flames, she had felt the thirst, and she had cried out from her heart, as Joan had, to the Saviour.

And just as Joan of Arc had perished, the part of her that was Paulette had perished, too.

All that was left was a body marked by the same power of the imagination that had destroyed her conscious self. Paulette is now nothing but a mindless animal which has to be cared for like an idiot baby. And the doctors and psychiatrists hold out little hope that she will ever be anything else.

Her case is quite as extraordinary as that of Therese Neumann, the peasant girl of the little Bavarian village of Konnersreuth, upon whose body at regular intervals appear the stigmata of the pierced hands and feet, the wounded side, the bloody sweat and the tears and blood of Christ, and the most noted scientists of France are studying her with the same interest.

In a number of ways Paulette, however, is unlike Therese; but in one strong essential she is like her. Therese is a poor and uneducated peasant. Paulette, who is about twenty-three, but looks much older, comes of a good family and is unusually well educated. Both girls, however, have the same deep, compelling strain of religious fervor.

Paulette was born at Versailles. Like Angelique, the heroine of Zola's "Dream," she was very simple and devout, and passed long hours poring over the "Golden Legend," with its stories of angels, saints, martyrs, animals and demons. The facts of real life lost all their significance and interest for her after an excursion into this marvelous land.

Since her first Communion, one of Paulette's greatest pleasures was to act in local religious pageants, where her pensive face, sweet voice and faithful interpretations made many friends. Last Spring, in the "quartier des Chantiers," she scored a success in the "Miracle of the Roses," which brought her to the attention of Mlle. de Margerie, directress of the Society of Saint Elisabeth. The directress was so delighted with the girl's performance that she promised her the role of Joan of Arc in the celebration to be held on the anniversary of the warrior-maid's martyrdom.

Paulette felt deeply moved, for she worshiped Joan of Arc whom she considered as her patron saint and model. She was more familiar with the episodes in the life of the Maid of Orleans than her friends were with the career of any moving-picture star Paulette knew by heart the story of the heroic Maid, from her childhood amid the woods and pastures of Domremy, to the final scene at the stake in the marketplace of Rouen.

WIDE WORLD Photo

Therese Neumann, the Bavarian Girl Who Enacts in Her Imagination the Crucifixion of the Saviour, and Who Shows the "Stigmata" of the Crown of Thorns, Tears of Blood and the Marks of the Nails and Spears.

The girl spent days and nights in preparation for the event, oblivious of everything which took place about her, till a morbid mental process developed in her. The fantastic illusion that she was in fact the Divine Shepherdess, who heard the voices of St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, that she was the incarnation of "La Pucelle," Liberator of France, the simple-minded girl came firmly to believe.

The day of the fete arrived, the gardens of the Patronage were thronged with spectators, the pageant commenced. Attention was focused on Mlle. Burbail, and more than one of the other actors remarked on the strange light that shone in her eyes, the pallor of her countenance, the passion with which she played her part. "Ecstasy and prayer had woven a halo round her brow," they said. "She will do well."

Paulette mounted the pyre with firm step and allowed herself to be bound to the stake, her face transfigured in the same rapt expression as at rehearsals. In those rehearsals however there had been no Bengal fires and now, when these were touched off and began to cast a lurid glow on the scene, there was a sudden change.

She trembled and her eyes rolled in terror. The girl's features, up to that moment so serene, were now convulsed.

And if it had not been for that last touch of realism, the flames and smoke playing about her, she might have kept her reason, and after a good night's sleep waked up to realize that she was just a devout and somewhat hysterical little actress.

The curious physical results of religious exaltation on the body when it reaches a point like that of the unfortunate Paulette, where the victim actually believes he is going through the experience he imagines, are well known. Perhaps the most famous case is that of Mlle. Neumann, already mentioned.

On Good Friday of 1927 marks appeared on her body, in the same places as the wounds of the Saviour and, in a trance, she seemed to be going through that experience, crying out in agony and speaking in a strange tongue. There were red and sore places on the inside and outside of her palms, and on her feet, corresponding to where the nails had been driven. On her scalp were marks such as might have been made by the crown of thorns and even a mark on her side, corresponding to the spear-wound made by the Roman soldier.

These marks or stigmata started to fade away during the week but the next Friday they occurred all over again, and each succeeding Friday for more than a year. During the trances, the stigmata actually bled and tears of blood flowed from the girl's eyes and fell from her forehead.

As these phenomena continued for such a long time they gave opportunity for physicians and other trained observers to come to Konnersreuth and study the case. Their reports were even more remarkable than those of the first untrained observers. It seems clear that in those Friday trances, which she sometimes has even now, the girl thinks she is passing through in person all the incidents from the arrest of the Saviour to His death on the cross.

Prof. Papstmann of the University of Erlangen was one of the scientists who visited Therese, and he performed an experiment on her eyes during one of her Friday trances. For the purpose of this test a 5,000 candle-power lamp was focussed on her eyes. Her pupils, instead of contracting, remained dilated. This was astonishing because, as Prof. Papstmann explained, the pupils of the eyes are entirely under control of involuntary muscles and supposed to be beyond the influence of the will.

It is precisely these involuntary muscles, however, which often are affected most powerfully by emotional stimuli and vivid hallucinations, such as those of the Bavarian peasant girl or of Paulette Burbail enacting the role of Joan. Psychologists experimenting with hypnotism in scientific laboratories have been able to impress on their subjects such powerful suggestions of cuts or other wounds that the blood comes to the surface and even oozes out of the skin at spots where the imaginary wounds are located.

The explanation, experts believe, is that the hypnotic suggestion acts on the nerves that control the tiny capillaries and arteries in the skin. These nerves then relax the tiny blood vessels so completely that blood actually oozes through the vessels' walls and escapes to the skin's surface.

There is little doubt, the psychologists who have examined her are convinced, that the stigmata which appear on the skin of Therese Neumann are caused in this way by a powerful influence of the girl's own mind. Some call this a state of self-hypnotism. Others refer merely to over-intense imagination. However this may be, what happens is that the power of the mind over the involuntary muscles in the blood vessels is made manifest. Anyone can do the same, it is probable, if he can attain a sufficient state of concentration of the mind on that single idea.

The Only Authentic Likeness of Joan of Arc Known—a Sculptured Head Now in the Musee Historique, at Orleans.

Something like this is what happened, it is likely, to Paulette Burbail while she was enacting the role of Joan of Arc burning at the stake. The long course of preparation for this event joined to the girl's extremely strong religious feeling convinced her mind for the moment that she actually was Joan of Arc and that she actually was being burnt. There is recorded in medical literature a similar instance of a boy being initiated into a college fraternity, who was told and believed that he was to be struck on the neck with a sharp sword. Actually, he was struck with a wet towel, but the shock and the expectation were so great that it died, too.

Similarly, it is probable that Paulette became convinced, at least in the more emotional, more profound, unconscious part of her mind, that she was Joan and that she was dying. Therefore she did die: that is her mind died. The body chanced to live on, although it would not have been surprising had it died too.

The emotional state of the mind was led up, step by step, to the anticipated moment of death. There then was nothing else to do but die. The mind of the girl, firmly convinced that it was the mind of Joan, simply could not recover. That would have made a lie out of the whole previous imaginings. It had to die—and it did.

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Why Mme. Rigoni Fired a Shot Into the Dead Professor's Heart

PROFESSOR ARNOLD CONSORTI, president of the Technical Institute of Chieti, in the Abruzzi district of Italy, died of heart failure, just as he predicted he would. Yet the courts are faced with the unique and difficult task of convicting, or clearing, Dr. Theresa Rigoni, a charming and intelligent woman friend of the professor, of the charge of "murdering" the scientist more than a day after he was pronounced dead.

The "murder" was committed under highly dramatic circumstances. The body of the dead, laid out, but not yet placed in his coffin, rested on a bier in a bed-chamber. The house was full of mourners, including Signorina Consorti and her daughter, Romana. Four students from the Technical Institute were standing solemn watch over the body.

Madame Rigoni came into the mortuary chamber and requested the students to leave the room for a few moments. She wished to be alone with her late friend. Knowing that Madame Rigoni and her husband, Professor Rigoni, had been intimate friends of Professor Consorti, the students went out.

A moment later a revolver shot rang through the tomblike stillness of the house. It brought everyone hurrying to the death chamber. There they found Madame Rigoni, standing pale and shaken beside the bier, a revolver clutched in her right hand. The coat and vest in which the corpse was dressed had been unbuttoned and on the bosom of the white shirt, just over the heart, was a small black hole and a circular smudge of burned powder.

No one spoke until the woman, finally regaining her composure, walked to a nearby table laden with flowers and placed the gun on it. Then she turned and faced those that had crowded in on the dramatic scene.

In a level, dignified voice she said, "I have just fulfilled an oath which neither Madame Consorti nor her daughter had the courage to fulfill." No one made a move to stop her as she took the arm of her husband and walked slowly out of the chamber of death and out of the house.

Some hours later Madame Consorti explained to the mourning relatives and friends of her twice dead husband that she and her daughter had, in fact, failed to keep a grim promise they had made to the professor. Madame Rigoni had carried out the promise by sending a bullet through the heart of the dead man.

It seems that Professor Consorti had, in his younger days, been an extensive traveler in India and the Orient where he became a profound student of the occult religions. He came to believe in trances and suspended animation and developed a deep fear of what he called "apparent death."

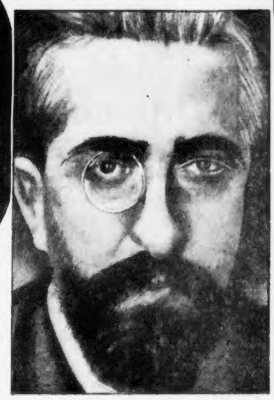
A few years ago the Italian Government appointed him director of the Italian School in Cairo, Egypt, where he plunged even more deeply into mysticism. His health failed and he was brought back to Italy, suffering from heart disease. He was put in charge of the Technical Institute at Chieti and warned not to over-exert himself.

His health continued to decline. One day when his intimate friends the Rigonis were staying at the Consorti home, he called his wife and daughter and the Rigonis into his study and showed them a long, gold pin with a coiled serpent for a head.

"I haven't much longer to live," he said. "I am not afraid to die, but I have a great fear of being buried alive. You must swear to me that, when I die, one of you will thrust this pin through my heart." He seemed so earnest that all four of his hearers agreed to carry out his request.

When he did die, some months later, his wife and daughter found themselves unable to fulfill their oath. And Madame Rigoni, for love of her friend and because she regards vows as sacred, performed the extraordinary "murder." She could not find the pin, so she used her husband's revolver.

—To the Left—
Professor Rigoni, Friend of the Dead Man and Husband of the Woman Who Fired a Bullet Into the Traveler's Heart.
—Below—
Professor Arnaldo Consorti, Traveler, Mystic and Student, Who Feared Burial Alive and Made His Wife and Friends Promise to Pierce His Heart After Death.



Because the Widow Lacked the Courage to Make Sure That Professor Consorti Was Dead, Mme. Rigoni, Her Friend, Who Is a Physician, Fired the Shot—and Was Then Brought Into the Courts.

The New "Straw Hat" Automobile

FOR many years residents of the Madeira Islands and tourists visiting that beauty spot off the northwestern coast of Africa, have complained of the discomforts of motoring over the island's picturesque highways during the hot Summer months. The steel bodies and leather seats of the automobiles absorb the heat of the sun and make riding in them anything but enjoyable.

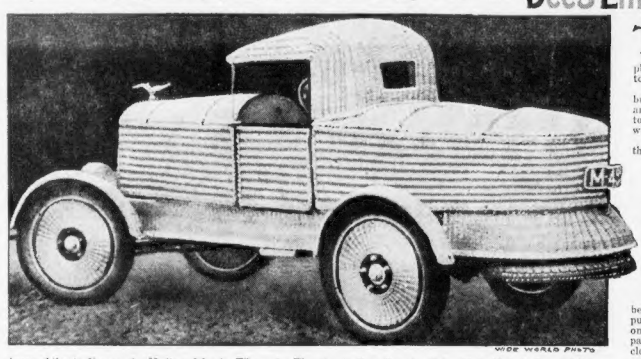
One enterprising automobile manufacturer, while on a visit to the islands, conceived the idea of making what he calls a "straw hat" automobile, a motor car with a heat-resisting body of wicker, through which the breezes can blow as the car rolls over the road. The tangible result of his sensible inspiration can be seen in the photograph at the right.

Even the mudguards and wheels of the car are fashioned of wicker, and the seat is covered with a porous material made of a tough grass. Even on the hottest days the machine is pleasantly cool to ride in.

Madeira is not, geographically, a tropical island. It is in the North Atlantic, and would not, under normal climatic conditions be uncomfortably hot. But at certain times of the year, and particularly in the Summer, it is swept by hot, dry winds that originate in the torrid wastes of the Sahara Desert, and travel across hundreds of miles of ocean to pester the inhabitants of the Madeiras.

The natives call this wind the "leste," and they dread its too frequent visitations. Strangely enough, its effect is worse in the islands' higher altitudes, where the temperature rises to a point well above 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Even on the seacoast, where the weather is usually tolerably cool, the mercury climbs to 95 degrees, and makes life distinctly unpleasant until the blow of arid heat is over.

Sometimes the "leste" is accompanied by great clouds of fine sand, the result of violent sandstorms in the desert, that stretches across thousands of miles of Northern Africa.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Automobiles in Use on the Madiera Islands, Where the Weather Is Very Hot, Are Being Made With Bodies of Wicker and Straw, Even to the Mudguards and Wheels.

Bees Empty Department Store

THE wild confusion brought to mind by the old expression, "a bull in a china shop," would be a mere stir compared to the actual and violent scene that took place in El Paso, Tex., when a swarm of bees, seeking a place to settle, picked the entrance of a department store.

It was mid-afternoon when the colony of honeymakers buzzed down the main street of the city's business district and formed a noisy, uneasy ball directly over the entrance to the emporium, well filled with customers, most of them women in quest of bargains.

One sharp-eyed matron about to go in the store, spied the mass of insects milling about over her head and uttered a piercing scream that could be heard for blocks. She droped her armful of bundles and dashed down the sidewalk as though the furies were after her.

Another woman, who had just entered the store, jumped to an obvious conclusion, and began shouting "Fire! Fire!" at the top of her lungs. Her eye fell on an emergency fire alarm on the wall and she pulled it before anyone could stop her.

The crowded interior of the store immediately became a madhouse, and women stampeded toward the doors and the street. The hullabalioo excited the bees and one of them plunged his stinger into the neck of a customer frantically trying to get to the open air.

The crowd pouring out of the store led someone else to believe that the place was on fire, and a second alarm was pulled in before the fire-fighting apparatus had time to arrive on the scene in answer to the first alarm. Five fire companies and a small army of policemen finally succeeded in clearing the store of people after a vain search for flames.

Just when the situation seemed hopeless, the bees, realizing that there were much better places to swarm, flew away.

Rio Grande To New York City In a Wheelbarrow At 10 Miles a Day

SOMEWHERE along the route from Brownsville, Tex., to New York City, a 21-year-old farmer named Walter Hoofer, is pushing a wheelbarrow burdened with the weight of his pretty 19-year-old sister, Margaret. He hopes to complete the long trek by Christmas, and be welcomed to the metropolis by Mayor "Jimmie" Walker himself.

Farmer Hoofer, whose acres skirt the famous Rio Grande, dividing line between the Lone Star State and Mexico, has another reason for his unusual manner of travelling to Manhattan—he wants to beat the time of Ralph Sanders, a fellow townsman of his, who recently rode from Brownsville to New York on the back of a pet bull. Sanders completed the trip in 254 days, and was rewarded with a smile and a handshake from Mayor Walker.

Hoofer believes that his manner of making the long journey is much more of a test of strength and stamina than riding on a bull, and he hopes for an even more enthusiastic reception than that accorded Sanders, who averaged about 10½ miles a day during his eight and a half months's trip from the Rio Grande to the Hudson.

"It is my intention," said the barrow-pusher, "to make not less than 10 miles a day through the congested areas through which me and my sister will have to pass, and over highways on which traffic is heavy. In the open country I believe I can push the wheelbarrow at least 15 miles a day, even in bad weather. I expect to get used to the job after several weeks at it, and believe that I will make better time during the last days of the journey than I can until I get hardened. Maybe we won't make the trip to New York as fast as we think we will, but I am willing to bet that we'll roll up to "Jimmie" Walker's doorstep in less than 250 days."

© INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Ralph Sanders and His Bull, "Jerry," on Which He Rode 2,700 Miles From Brownsville, Texas, to New York.

Walter Hoofer, Texas Farm Boy, and His Sister, Margaret, Whom He Is Wheeling From Texas to Manhattan. They Are Now Somewhere on the Road, Following the Route Taken by Sanders, and Expect to Reach Times Square by Christmas.

From Coal Pit to Paris Salon

ONE of the prettiest and most popular manikins in the fashion salons of Paris is Mlle. Gwen Evans, a darkeyed brunette frequently taken for an unusually beautiful Spanish senorita.

Gwen never has been in Spain in her life, however, and it was only a few months ago that she came from her home in Cardiff, Wales, to work in the French capital. Less than a week after she disembarked from a Channel steamer she was wearing expensive gown in a salon on the world-famous Rue de la Paix and drawing a salary that seemed to her fantastic.

The Welsh girl was "discovered" by a French mining engineer, who saw her laboring in the coal pits of Cardiff. Even through the grime that covered her face and the rough clothes that she wore, the Frenchman could see that she was an extraordinarily pretty and graceful girl. He was, like all true sons of France, pained to see so much pulchritude being wasted, so he wrote to a friend of his, a prominent designer of fashions, and asked him if he could use a manikin more delightful to look at than any of the models then employed in his exclusive salon.

Several weeks later, the Welsh girl took off her soiled working clothes, put on her best dress and boarded a train for London. There she took a boat train for Dover, and, a few hours later, landed on the soil of France. Before she had time to adjust herself to the gay capital, she was one of the city's most popular manikins and had a "following," both of salon patrons and of discerning boulevardiers with an eye for beauty.

"I feel like Cinderella," said Mlle. Evans, "for it never occurred to me to leave Cardiff or the coal mines. All my family are miners and I expected to work in the pits until I became the wife of a miner. Perhaps I shall go back there to live some day, but right now I never want to leave this wonderful city of Paris. It still seems wrong to take money for wearing pretty clothes."

Miss Gwen Evans, a Welsh Girl, Who Started Life in a Coal Village, Worked in the Pits, and Then, Because of Her Beauty, Became One of the Most Famous Manikins in Paris

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Science Explodes Some Popular Beliefs About Sleep

"Hardly Slept a Wink All Night?"—You Probably Slept Fine, but Have Too Good a Memory; You Do Not Sleep Better When You're Tired; Eating Before Going to Bed Won't Keep You Awake—But It Still Is Safer Not to Talk in Your Sleep

EVERYBODY knows that tired people sleep better than people who have had plenty of rest and are not tired. Everybody knows, too, that plenty of exercise makes people sleep better. Everybody believes that eating late at night is bad for a good night's rest, and most people think that a hot bath just before bedtime acts to make one fall asleep more quickly and sleep more soundly. Also everybody knows that "tossing and turning" all night means a "bad night's sleep," while "sleeping like a log" means a "good night's sleep."

Everybody knows these things—but none of them is true. It is probably true, however, that you are more likely to tell secrets when talking in your sleep than when awake.

At Colgate University and elsewhere, Dr. Donald A. Laird, head of the Department of Psychology, has been testing popular ideas about sleep by arranging that actual records be kept of the sleep and the before-bedtime activities of a group of student volunteers. He finds that many of these are quite unsupported by fact.

At the Mellon Institute, in Pittsburgh, Dr. H. M. Johnson also has been studying the facts of sleep scientifically. He, too, finds many popular ideas about it questionable or wrong. For example, he has discovered that most people who think they sleep badly, really sleep quite normally. What is wrong with them is not poor sleeping abilities, but memories that are too good. When they tell you, "I tossed and turned all night and slept hardly a wink," as a matter of fact most of them slept quite as well as the average person, because everybody "tosses and turns all night." Most people, however, don't remember the tossing and turning.

To keep track of what sleepers actually do during the night, Dr. Johnson and his associates devised electric apparatus which can be attached to the sleeper's bed and which records every quiver of that article of furniture during the night, as the sleeper turns over or rolls from side to side. In some of the experiments photographic cameras were arranged to take pictures of the sleepers from time to time so that the amount of restlessness could be recorded in this way.

One of the first things discovered was that no one lies still all night, as many people believe that they do. Every ten or fifteen minutes, often at shorter intervals, the normal sleeper turns over or changes his position in some other way. Apparently a fixed position would cramp the muscles after a little while and do more harm than the fact of being asleep does good. Anybody who really "sleeps like a log," that is, who never moves for hours at a time, has something seriously wrong with him.

The Pittsburgh apparatus keeps track, too, of the people who complain in the morning that they tossed and tumbled all night long and "never slept a wink." Usually this is all imagination. The records usually show that the person who complains actually fell asleep with reasonable promptness and slept more or less normally through the night; this "normal" sleep being marked every few minutes, of course, by some change of bodily position in bed, like the sleep found by these tests to be normal for everybody.

What happens to the people who think that they sleep badly, Dr. Johnson believes, is that for some reason or other they remember the times when they moved in bed, or some of these times. Ordinary people forget them. That is what the experts mean when they say that many a distressing case of what is believed to be insomnia really is nothing but good memory. The victim remembers his twistings and tumblings and worries about them.

A similar surprise awaited Dr. Laird and his associates when they compiled the figures for the kind of sleep enjoyed by students who had taken some exercise shortly before going to bed. Instead of sleeping longer or more soundly as a result of this exertion of the muscles, these people actually slept less well. Exercise, the facts show, is bad for sleep instead of good for it. The same thing is true of a feeling of fatigue, although this discovery is less surprising, since it had been forecast by students of the physiology of nerves and muscles.

Many people have had the experience of being "too tired to sleep," so that they remained wakeful for hours after going to bed although their muscles were much fatigued and the brain was even more so. This is due, the physiologists believe, to the accumulation in the over-tired body of a series of chemical poisons produced by muscular exertion. Ordinarily these fatigue chemicals are washed out more or less immediately by the blood and gotten rid of. If one is so tired that this does not happen, the fatigue chemicals may accumulate in the system, and act as a drug to stimulate the nerves—indeed, to over-stimulate them, for this effect of extreme fatigue appears to be harmful to the nervous system.

This, however, is an extreme condition, not often encountered in ordinary life. Most people believe that a moderate degree of tiredness causes better sleep. It was only by the careful experiments of Professor Laird, Professor Charles Morell and their associates that this was found to be untrue. Even a little fatigue seems to act to set free some of the over-stimulating chemicals, so that the sleep which comes is likely to be less restful and more disturbed.

The old-fashioned remedy of a hot bath failed similarly to pass Professor Morell's tests at Skidmore College. Some of the students who were the subjects of his experiments purposely took hot baths just before retiring, to see whether these would have the relaxing and calming effects conventionally described. Others of the students refrained from hot baths in the evenings. The sleep records of the two groups then were compared.

So far as the facts available permit any conclusion, this is that the hot bath acts just like exercise. It interferes with sound sleep instead of aiding it. It may be, of course, that hot baths or other procedures have calming and relaxing effects on certain individuals and not on others, or that this would be true of older people but not true of the relatively young groups of college students who have been the experimental subjects. But certainly, the experiments now yield no indication that the old idea of taking hot baths to make one sleepy has any scientific support.

Eating before going to bed provided another surprise, this time in the reverse direction. Most people imagine that it is bad for sleep; many persons, indeed, will insist that they have found it so in their own experience. Professor Morell and Professor Laird merely point to the experimental data. Records were kept from day to day of the students who had light or heavy meals before retiring and of those who had none. No difference at all could be detected between the two groups. Whether or not one eats a meal just before bedtime apparently has no effect at all on how well or how badly one will sleep.

These facts about sleep, especially the fact that one normally turns and twists at brief intervals during the night no matter how soundly one seems to be sleeping, were confirmed not long ago in an accidental but striking manner by a man who fell asleep while taking a sun bath in a Chicago park. One day last Summer this individual sought a secluded spot in the shrubbery, took off all his clothes and lay down on the grass for what he intended to be a few minutes sun bath. Accidentally, he slept for about two hours. When he awoke he was so severely sunburnt that he had to be taken to the hospital, where he was held for some hours with a high fever and by no means without danger to his life.

His whole body was burned.

The only possible explanation of his complete body coat of sunburn was that his fatigue and what seemed to him to be his sound sleep did not interfere with his turning from side to side many times while he was sleeping, so that every side of his body was uniformly sunburned instead of the upper side getting all the sun and the side next the ground being unaffected.

A part of the bodily machinery may be awake while other parts are seemingly asleep. This is proved by the familiar fact that some people habitually talk in their sleep. Some of these persons may be asked questions and will answer them—often correctly, but without any recollection, when they awake naturally in the morning, that they have been questioned or have talked. The sleeping brain is likely, too, to be a little less on guard than normally, or perhaps the careful, censorious part of the brain is the one that is asleep while a less shrewd and competent part is awake. This is why people who talk in their sleep sometimes disclose secrets which they ordinarily would try to keep.

History tells of the suspicious Duke of Este, a powerful Italian ruler of the Renaissance Period, who put to death his second wife, Parisina, and his son by his first wife because he overheard Parisina murmur the youth's name in her sleep. Suspecting his young wife, he sat, dagger at hand, by her bedside night after night, until he obtained his "evidence."

Legal authorities are rightly reluctant, however, to accept sleep talking as evidence unless corroborated by other facts, for the part of the mind that is awake when a person talks in his sleep is apt to be a liar, too, as well as otherwise careless and incompetent. What is said may represent merely some fantasy of this part of the mind rather than the absolute truth. Things that have happened in real life may be forgotten or misstated by a sleep talker because his memory, which ordinarily would keep him from telling untruths, is really asleep and cannot be consulted.

Perhaps the most surprising of all the discoveries about sleep is that it may be a bad thing, in the case of some of the diseases, long known but little studied until recently, in which unusual sleepiness is a symptom of something badly wrong with body or mind.

The disease called narcolepsy is an extreme example of how the sleep machinery in the brain may go wrong. The victim of this disease is seriously handicapped. He may fall asleep at any instant; at his desk at the office, in school or while chatting with friends at a social party. He sleeps for a few minutes and awakes as though nothing had happened.

A case which has puzzled science for one hundred years, and on which many treatises and books have been written, is that of Casper Hauser, who "appeared from nowhere" in Nuremberg, Germany, in 1828. Although 18 years old, he manifested all the sleeping peculiarities of a few-days-old baby, and in the next couple of years passed through all the normal sleeping habits of an infant. It is now thought that this old puzzle can be explained as a form of narcolepsy.

This disease sometimes shows a still more mysterious symptom. Its victim is made helpless by a fit of laughter or any other moderately strong emotion. Some one tells him a joke. If the joke is funny the unfortunate victim of this disease dare not laugh or even think about laughing. If he does his muscles give way completely and he falls in a heap on the ground as though he had fainted.

This connection between narcolepsy and the emotions suggested recently to two Minnesota physicians, Dr. John R. Doyle and Dr. Luman E. Daniels of the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, that perhaps this rare disease might be related in some way to a disorder of the adrenal glands. These glands are known to be related closely to the effects of emotions like fear or laughter on the behavior of the bodily organs. Accordingly, they have treated some cases of the disease with the Chinese drug called ephedrine, a drug which imitates in some degree the bodily effects of the chemical manufactured by the adrenal glands. The results are reported as reasonably successful.

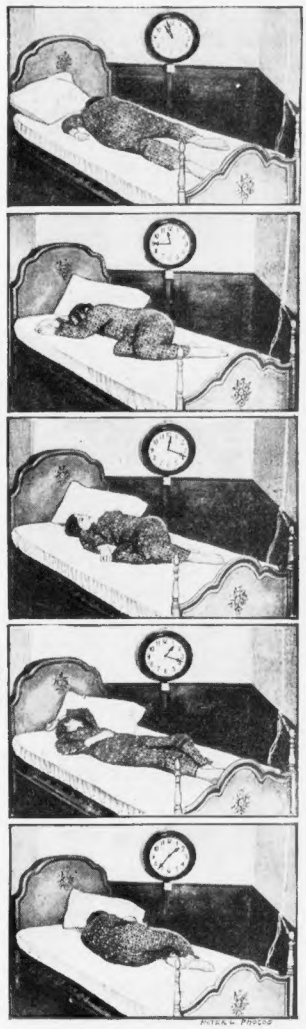
Two European physicians, Drs. L. Benedek and E. von Thurzo, have tried another treatment which consists of injecting air into the brain. This, too, yielded good results, they report, in one long-standing case of the disease.

In fact, however, no one yet knows just how this curious sleeping disease is caused or what to do to cure it. Some experts imagine that there is a special sleep center somewhere in the brain; a center that sends people to sleep or wakes them up when necessary, like a kind of animated combination of the morning alarm clock and the bugler blowing "Taps." If this supposed sleep center actually exists, narcolepsy probably represents some disease of it or of neighboring portions of the brain.

The Duke of Este Listening to His Wife Talking in Her Sleep, to Learn if She Were Unfaithful to Him. And Science Says That in Their Sleep Persons Sometimes Actually Do Tell Truths They Conceal While Awake.

Casper Hauser, *the Mysterious* Seventeenth Century Youth, *About* Whose Strange Case *Many Volumes Have* Been Written and Who *Was Probably* the Victim of a *Form of "Narcolepsy," a* "Sleep-Disease" *Which* Modern *Scientists Are Studying.*

Many Women Do Their "Daily Dozen" Before Going to Bed Thinking That Exercise Will Induce Sound Slumber. Science Has Found It Does No Such Thing.



Some of the Twists and Turns in 2½ Hours of a Person Enjoying a Perfectly Normal, Restful Sleep. Photographs by Dr. H. M. Johnson During His Recent Researches Into the Various Phenomena of Sleep at Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh. A Person Who Remembers These Movements Thinks He Has Not Slept Well—But Actually He Has Slept Very Well. The Average Person Does Not Remember Them.

An Odd "Sleep Mask" Invented by an American Who Had the Idea That Warm Breath Touching the Eyelids Would Induce Slumber. He Was Entirely Wrong.

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An Italian Artist's New Illustrations of Dante's "Inferno"

Amos Nattini's Colored Drawings of the Immortal Italian Poet's Work, Now on Exhibition, Declared to Surpass Gustave Dore's Fantastic Creations

Literal Interpretations of the Sufferings of Those Who Have Sinned Beyond Forgiveness, By an Artist of the People

Nattini's Conception of Dante Arriving at the City of Lucifer, After Being Ferried Across the River of Mud, Filled With Sinners.

FROM the earliest times man has devoted his thoughts to the contemplation of life beyond the grave and the punishments or rewards which he believed awaited him in that other world.

The classical work of the great Italian poet and philosopher, Dante, is the outstanding example of man's earlier conceptions of this great subject. Dante, of course, accepted the idea of a literal hell laid down by the old theologians. Leaving aside all controversial discussions of this subject, his great poem is perhaps the most powerful description of tragedy and suffering ever penned.

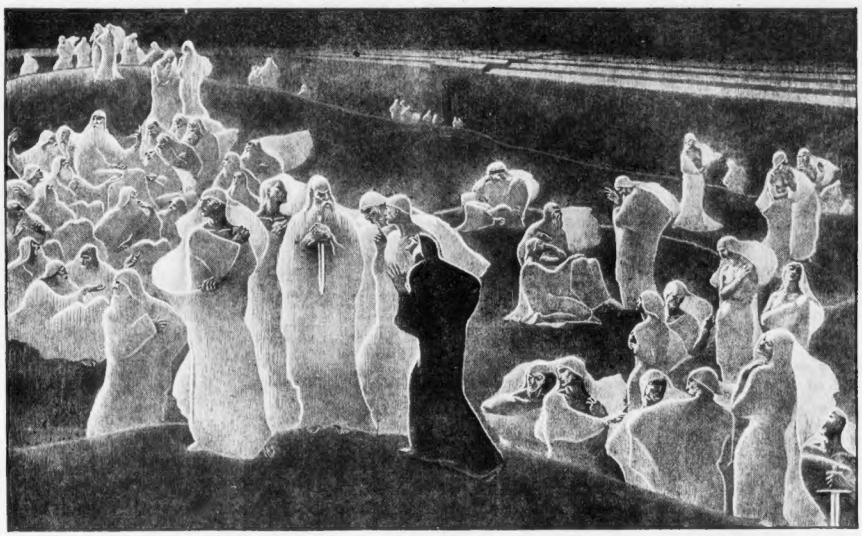
His complete work, known as "The Divine Comedy," is divided into three parts—"The Inferno" or "Hell," "Purgatory," and "Paradise." It is "The Inferno" which excites the greatest interest and many famous illustrations of this portion of the colossal epic have been published. The best known, perhaps, were those made by the French artist, Gustave Dore.

Now a new series, which is regarded by many as the finest ever drawn, has been made by the Italian artist, Amos Nattini. They are in water colors and excited immense enthusiasm when they were exhibited in Italy. They are now being shown at the Museum of the Jeu de Paume in the Tuileries Gardens, in Paris, a Government gallery, and have attracted almost as much admiration as in Italy. They will later be exhibited in all the great capitals of the world.

The execution of these pictures was a national undertaking in Italy. They were made by order of the National Dante Society for a monumental edition of the poem. The artist, Amos Nattini, is a remarkable man, who was the son of a workman and fought his way upward from great poverty.

The first important work he obtained was to illustrate a book of poems by Gabriele d'Annunzio. When Italy's foremost modern writer saw the pictures, he warmly advised the artist to devote his talents to illustrating Dante's immortal work.

The dominant note of Dore's "Inferno" is the fantastic and terrible. That of Nattini's is the expiation of sin through suffering. One feels that the men and women who are being tortured, burned, devoured and mutilated in many ways in the infernal whirlpool have sinned beyond forgiveness and are filled with infinite but hopeless remorse.



Dante Visiting the Noble Pagans, Like Homer, Who Lived Virtuously, and Are Allowed to Dwell in an Antechamber of Hell Without Suffering.

One of the most powerful drawings is that which represents Dante arriving at the City of Lucifer after having crossed the River of Mud filled with the bodies of the doomed struggling for all eternity.

Another interesting creation shows the poet at the fateful moment when, lost in the "dark wood," he encounters the Lion, She-Wolf and Leopard symbolizing Ambition, Avarice and Worldly Pleasure, and is delivered from his fears by Virgil, his future guide through Hell.

A very impressive drawing is the one which portrays the wickedest hypocrites of history loaded with leaden garments and trampling on the body of Caiaphas, the high priest who found the Saviour guilty, and was described by Dante as eternally crucified.

Another picture, illustrating the 18th canto, shows the panders and seducers condemned to lash each other continually with whips. The whole collection brings the tremendous but sombre and obscure genius of the great Italian home to the average man as it has never been done before.

In the beginning of "The Inferno," Dante is lost in a forest and his way is barred by wild beasts, representing the sins. To help him to win repentance the spirit of the poet Virgil appears and guides him through the lower regions of the next world. Taken across the River of Death in his sleep by the grim "Ferryman of Lost Souls," Dante awakes on the brink of Hell. Here he is obliged to pass through a gate above which is cut the terrible inscription:

"Through me you pass into the city of woe.
All hope abandon ye who enter here."

"The Inferno" of Dante's vision is a vast conical abyss which, by narrowing terrace-like ledges or circles, separated by steep descents, reaches to the center of the earth. As every lost soul is punished according to his sin, the wickedness and torments increase with the descent. From the moral pagans of ancient days, who dwell in the highest circle and who sorrow without suffering because they knew not the Christian God, the poet goes down to the terrible region of those who have committed the worst crimes.

Dante describes cruel punishment awaiting swindlers. They are consigned to be lashed and tormented in a pit by a monster who is thus described:

Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear'd,
His head and upper part exposed on land,
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.
His face the semblance of a just man's wore,
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;
The rest was serpent all.

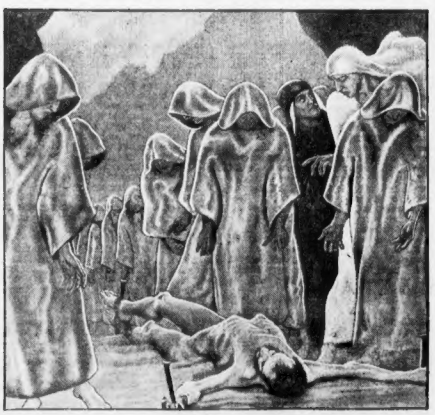
The way is so long and steep that Dante and his companion must ride on the back of a monster to reach the lowest pit. There lurks infamy so unbelievable that pity for those in eternal torment is impossible. It is said that Dante placed some of the men who had opposed him in his efforts to give a better and purer government to Florence in the lower reaches of the place of torment.

Climbing down the knotted limbs of Satan, who stands at the very bottom like a colossal statue, the two visitors escape through a crevice which leads them back to the surface of the earth. They emerge at a point opposite the Holy City of Jerusalem. Then they behold Purgatory, a mountain rising solitary from the sea. On the seven-terraced slope dwell the souls whose lesser sins may be overcome and atoned for.

After going through Purgatory, he meets his lost sweetheart, Beatrice, who has come down from her home in the ninth heaven to guide him through Paradise.

The great edition of "The Inferno" for which Nattini has made these pictures will be printed on paper made in the same way as in Dante's time, and bound as in that period. It will be limited to 1,000 copies. The artist has worked ten years on one volume alone. The text was also engraved by him. "Purgatory" and "Paradise" will be illustrated in the same beautiful manner. The three volumes together will weigh 250 pounds.

The Artist's Pathetic Vision of the Shade of a Miserable Woman Doomed to Be Blown About Eternally for Her Sins.



Hypocrites in the Eighth Circle of Hell Wearing Garments of Lead and Trampling Forever on Caiaphas, Who Judged the Saviour.

Dante Encounters the Lion, Leopard and She-Wolf, Representing Fleshly Sins, and Meets Virgil, Who Is to Guide Him.

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Romance of the Texas Heiress And Europe's "Toy Prince"

Miss McFarland, an American "Cow Princess," Becomes a Real Princess of Funny Little Liechtenstein Whose Standing Army Is One Wax Soldier, Where Order Is Kept By Three Policemen Who Never Do Any Work, and Whose Ruler Accommodatingly Pays All His Subjects' Taxes

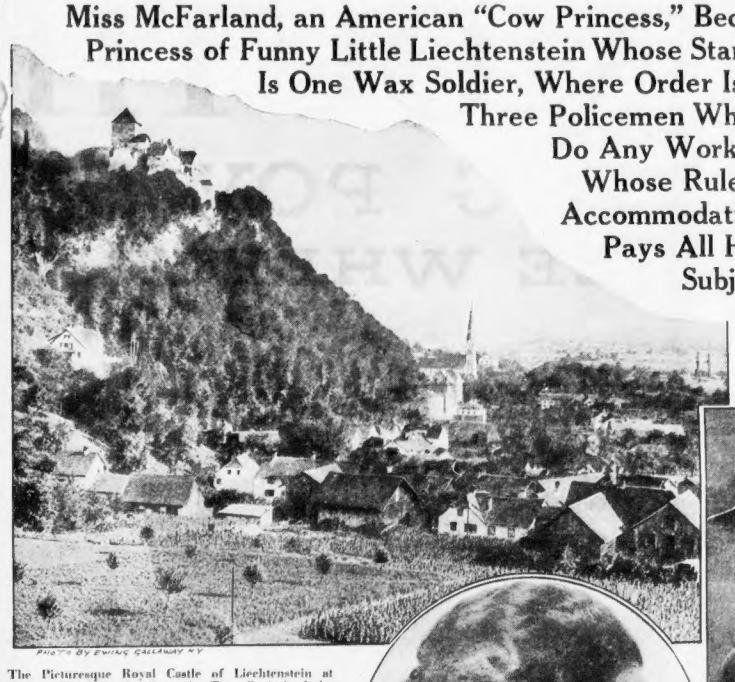


PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY N.Y.

The Picturesque Royal Castle of Liechtenstein at Vaduz, Which Looks Over the Tiny Capital of the Little Principality in Which Stands Liechtenstein's Army of One Wax Soldier.

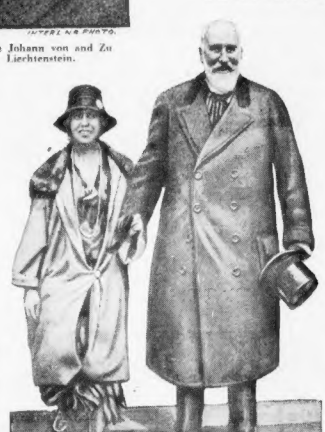
Miss Aleen McFarland, Daughter of the Texas "Cattle King," Who Has Just Become a Princess of Liechtenstein.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Prince Johann von and Zu Liechtenstein.

The Princess Shelagh of Liechtenstein, Whose Father Shot and Killed His Wife and Himself Over Business Troubles Shortly After Their Daughter's Royal Marriage.

The Texas Princess' Brother-in-Law in Liechtenstein's National Costume of Nobility.



Franz I, Sovereign of Liechtenstein, With His Morganatic Bride, the Baroness Elsa Von Guttmann.

HAVING inspected the throne on which she will some day sit, having gone over every foot of the country that some day she may rule with her royal husband, a tour which need not have taken her more than a day, and having met nearly all of her future subjects, for which a week would be plenty of time, the smallest and latest but greatest of American princesses has just returned to America to tell her friends in Texas all about it.

And thus the daughter of a Texas cattle and oil man has achieved the supreme social triumph, doing what no other American heiress was ever able to manage, even when thrones and rulers were plentiful in Europe. She has succeeded in marrying into a bona-fide reigning house, a royal family, thereby placing herself in line for a throne which her children should occupy after her.

When an American or any other commoner marries a prince it usually means nothing except that she has bought and paid for the empty title of princess. Her princely husband is a moth-eaten, down-and-out nobleman whose remote ancestors, perhaps, ruled somebody somewhere but now nothing of that grandeur remains but debts and by no possibility could he and his princess ever hope to reign over anybody.

Occasionally, however, some prince of royal blood who might conceivably be considered in line for a throne marries a commoner, as in the recent cases of two Danish princes, one of whom wedded an American and the other a Canadian girl, but first the girls had to renounce all claims to the throne for themselves and their children. In other cases, revolutions have made that throne empty forever. They have become mere nobility.

But little ninety-eight-pound Miss Aleen McFarland, daughter of a "cattle king" of Weatherford, Texas, did not make any mistake like that. She married the real thing when, the other day, she stood before a London altar with Prince Johann von and zu Liechtenstein. He is a member of an actual ruling family and is heir presumptive to the throne of Liechtenstein with only its present seventy-eight-year-old, childless monarch and his equally childless and only slightly younger brother to pass away before he and his American princess become the rulers of this country.

Her prince is also a small man and so is the principality over which some day this cute little couple will exercise royal sway, for it has only 11,500 subjects and contains only sixty-five square miles, but this midget nation, eight centuries old, is a perfect miniature realm that has come down unspoiled from earliest feudal times. The reigning family, of which the former Texas girl is now a member, possesses great wealth of its own and real castles both in Liechtenstein itself and Austria. Its castles and palaces are in good repair, well-kept up, furnished lavishly and staffed by servants, not, as is usually the case, mere weather-beaten ruins for tourists to gape at.

The ancient House of Liechtenstein needs and asks no American dollars to keep its castles in repair for, best of all, this was a love-match. There is not much danger of a revolution because once when the present monarch threatened to abdicate and let Liechtenstein become part of some democracy, his subjects wept and tore their hair in front of the palace until he came out and promised never to do anything so cruel.

Unique in the history of Europe is the persistence of this family and its tiny "Prisoner of Zenda" realm. Before the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs had been heard of, Liechtenstein was slowly building up, almost acre by acre, into the speck it even now occupies on the political map. The first lords of the house seem to have been more like shrewd, conservative business men, conserving their wealth and when they could adding to their territory, not by conquest, but by honest purchase. They made few enemies and bought moderately so that the avaricious kings and emperors who led armies roaring about the world did not take the trouble to gobble them up.

When first heard of 800 years ago, the head of the house was only a count. In 1699, by some sort of a dicker, the count picked up the neighboring lordship of Shellenburg and, four years later, the thrifty noble bought the County of Vaduz for $150,000. Kings and the big nobles would let go of bits of real estate like that for cash which they always needed for the wars, but as everybody was fighting, the Liechtensteins were about the only ones who had any cash. They stayed neutral as much as possible and saved their pennies. In eight centuries a family can save a lot of pennies.

In 1719, the Austrian Emperor raised the count to the dignity of prince, but he still remained a vassal until 1866. Then when Prussia defeated Austria, the Prince of Liechtenstein at that time improved the occasion by declaring his independence and got away with it without bloodshed or expense, but he continued to keep his town palace in Vienna and allowed his large neighbor to collect his customs and attend to the foreign affairs of his principality for him. After the late war when Austria was beggared and reduced to a fraction of her former territory, it seemed no longer prudent to depend on her for these services and the prince arranged to have Switzerland take charge of them.

The late prince, whose name was Johann, the same as that of his young newly married cousin, was one of the most interesting characters of his family. He was immensely wealthy and gave a collection of pictures valued at $20,000,000 to the Austrian nation. They now form the Liechtenstein Museum in Vienna. He suffered several losses in the war, but still retained large wealth. Owing to a peculiar physical ailment he never met the persons with whom he had to conduct public affairs, but sent messages to them from behind a door through his secretaries.

Prince Johann's life was a good deal of a mystery. At his great palace at Vienna he gave fetes that could not be equaled for distinguished magnificence and dreamlike luxury, yet on account of his physical infirmity the princely host never appeared among his guests on these occasions. His household were forbidden to explain the reason for his absence and some of the guests expressed annoyance at this and declared they would never come again, but the feast left such a pleasant impression that they usually accepted the next invitation.

The prince possessed great estates in Austria, Moravia and Czecho-Slovakia, as well as in Liechtenstein, and these of course have passed to his descendants. The shooting parties he gave to the royalties of Europe on his estates were once famous. Even at these affairs he did not mingle intimately with his guests. The royalties were of course familiar with the reasons and were too well-bred to refer to them.

In spite of this handicap Prince Johann showed great shrewdness in conducting the affairs of his little country in the difficult position in which it found itself after the war. His embarrassing ailment does not seem to have shortened his life very much, for he was eighty-nine years old when he died in 1929.

Liechtenstein's capital is the picturesque mountain town of Vaduz, part of that ancient $150,000 bargain, and has a population of only 1,405. After the recent war the Allies fixed up the map of Europe to make it look safe for democracy, pitching kings and emperors from their thrones and finally got around to little Liechtenstein. They could not treat this small fossil of a monarchy rough, because, with its traditional, safety-first caution, Liechtenstein had managed to keep out of the scuffle. Therefore the victors had no more right to dictate to it than they had to any other neutral. However, while they were about it, they thought this 800-year-old, medieval stump ought to be removed.

As a first step they kindly offered to flip Prince Johann from his throne and give his subjects all the blessings of democracy. To everyone's surprise the beneficiaries of this offer uttered a howl of protest, unanimously telling the Allies to mind their business. The 11,500 wanted to remain feudal subjects of a prince, just the way they had been.

"Don't you want to be an up-to-date democracy?" the Allies asked.

"Certainly not!" the Liechtensteiners answered. "Democracy means taxes, doles, politicians, laws like prohibition to make us do what we don't like and to be drafted into the army. Our prince sees to it that we are never bothered with such things. We want to be his subjects forever."

According to the laws of Liechtenstein there must be taxes and every year they are solemnly assessed, but the prince himself pays them for all his subjects out of his private revenues and the small custom duties on the frontier. The laws also call for a standing army, so there is one and it certainly stands, literally, night and day, because it consists of one wax soldier in the museum of Vaduz. There is no navy and the police force amounts to just three men who have almost nothing to do.

There is a tiny jail in Vaduz where, once in a while, a foreign tourist who has enjoyed too much of the native wine is allowed to cool off, but there is no prison. Murder and theft are things that have long been unknown in old-fashioned Liechtenstein. The natives know that punishment for crime would be banishment from that free, happy, tax-free little Eden where everyone is prosperous. There are no judges nor higher courts. The reigning prince theoretically holds the "high, the middle justice and the low," which means that he can try and sentence anyone, even to capital punishment. Instead of this he has made an arrangement with his neighbor Switzerland to rent a cell in one of its jails, rent them the services of a judge and court and, if the culprit is convicted, to board him for the term of the sentence in one of its prisons, all for a reasonable charge.

There are no upper schools nor colleges in Liechtenstein, yet nobody is illiterate. Everybody sends his children to school in some other country and pays for what they get and therefore nobody who is childless is forced to pay school taxes as in other countries. Also there are no doles, pensions or poor houses nor any need of them. With all such institutions lacking there is no opportunity for politicians and graft. There are plenty of radios but no local broadcasting station. The inhabitants even use golf courses in neighboring countries.

The news that the Allies and their democracy had been rebuffed reached Russia where it seemed to the Bolsheviks a fine chance to spread their propaganda outside of Russia. Here was a people that preferred a boss whom they called a prince. So Communist agitators were sent to Liechtenstein to offer the beauties of Communism. What was a dictator, such as Stalin, but another kind of boss and much more up-to-date than an old-fashioned prince? The Liechtensteiners listened and laughed. They knew all about Russia and said:

"Your government began by stealing all public and private property, repudiating all debts and even grabbing the railroad carriages of other countries that happened to be in Russia. In spite of the financial advantages that such wholesale robbery ought to have given you, you have become a nation of paupers, subsisting on black bread and cabbage, forced to donate your day off to free work for the government, while we are all prosperous."

Then they threw the agitators out and the three policemen went along to see that they were not too rough about it.

Prince Franz I, the present ruler of this delightful comic-opera monarchy, almost small enough to be set on a stage, when he ascended the throne decided it was about time to get married. No royal princess being available at the moment, he led to the altar Baroness Elsa Von Guttmann. But as she was not of sufficiently exalted rank, it was called a morganatic marriage, meaning that it was unofficial. Such a union is looked upon as quite respectable in Europe but, in the U. S. A., most people consider it "living in sin."

As the new American princess has no rank at all by birth that question may arise when the time comes for her to ascend the throne of Liechtenstein. If there is much argument, her royal husband can easily squelch it by simply hinting that if they don't shut up he will abdicate and let Liechtenstein go democratic.

Prince Johann's younger brother, Prince Ferdinand, was married in 1915 to Miss Shelagh Brunner, daughter of Roscoe Brunner, member of the great firm that controls the chemical industries of England. A strange tragedy was connected with this marriage. Roscoe Brunner shot and killed his wife and himself because he felt he had been badly treated in a great business merger. The tragedy occurred in the house where his daughter, the Princess of Liechtenstein, and her husband were staying and to which they had but recently returned from their honeymoon.

The country has its own postage stamps, and for the benefit of collectors it supplies postcards that reproduce several of the stamps in colors, with pictures of Liechtenstein coins and the national anthem thrown in.

There is only one hotel in the country, the old inn at Vaduz known as "The Gasthouse of the Angel." The wine grown around Vaduz is called Vaduzer, is of a light pinkish color and it seems to have given great pleasure to all who have tasted it.

The other town in the country is Balzers, having fifty more inhabitants than Vaduz.

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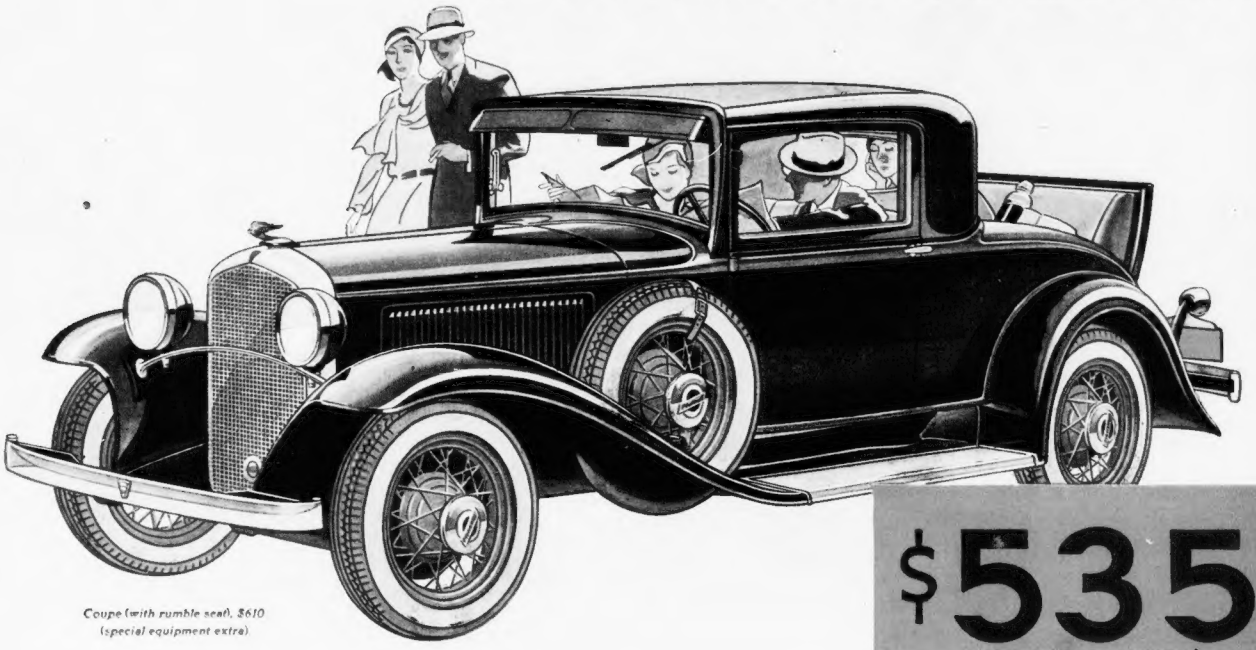
THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT · THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR

NEW PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER *and* FREE WHEELING



Coupe (with rumble seat), $610 (special equipment extra)

$535

AND UP · F.O.B. FACTORY

"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS"

Look these facts squarely in the face:—

Fours have one-half as many pistons, connecting rods, valves, cams, wrist pins, valve springs, connecting rod bearings, piston rings, valve stem guides, spark plugs and cylinders as eights.

Maybe you don't even know what all those things are, but any mechanic will tell you they are all *working* parts.

They cost money; most of them need lubrication; all of them have to stand constant wear.

When it comes to simple operation, the Four is the most economical, sturdiest and, dollar for dollar, the highest quality car you can get in the lowest-price field. Certainly the same cost will buy better labor and materials when the manufacturer has to buy only half as much.

The only trouble with the old-style Fours is vibration.

Until Chrysler Motors engineering genius perfected Plymouth's new and exclusive "Floating Power," there was that "interrupted torque" of the four to send tremors up through the frame and body to driver and passengers.

Now the New Plymouth gives the Smoothness of an Eight with the Economy of a Four.

Floating Power does away with the vibration that is found in old-time Fours. It gives the New Plymouth a power-flow as smooth as satin, as soft as velvet. So completely does Floating Power eliminate vibration in the New Plymouth that even experts could not tell how many cylinders were under the hood; most of them guessed eight.

Plymouth's Floating Power also gives 56 brake-test horsepower, with actual stop-watch speeds of 65 to 70 miles and more an hour and pick-up from a standing start to 40 miles in 9.7 seconds.

Free Wheeling in Plymouth brings to the field of lowest price this thrilling feature of high-priced cars. You can shift between all forward speeds without declutching—easily, quickly, smoothly.

Plymouth also gives a new easy-shift transmission. You can shift quickly from second to high and back again at speeds of 35 and 45 miles an hour without clashing or grinding of gears even with Free Wheeling locked out.

Plymouth is the only car of lowest price which has self-equalizing, internal hydraulic 4-wheel brakes—simplest and unexcelled for safety and smoothness.

Chrysler Motors engineers have given the Plymouth a double-drop frame for lower center of gravity, greater safety and roadability, and finer style.

And when you see the New Plymouth, yet another thrill awaits you. From radiator to tail light you will find eye-compelling beauty of line and color—comparable in artistic perfection with far costlier cars.

Plymouth challenges the world of lowest-price cars in appearance, in full size, in performance, in smoothness, in economy, in value.

Here at last is a real quality car for millions—a supreme engineering achievement with the Smoothness of an Eight and the Economy of a Four.

We invite you to prove the superiority of the New Plymouth. It welcomes your most critical examination. Ride in it. Drive it. Compare it with any car at or near its price. Plymouth accepts the challenge.

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NEW LOW PRICES — Roadster $535, Sport Roadster $595, Sport Phaeton $595, Coupe $565, Coupe (with rumble seat) $610, Convertible Coupe $645, Sedan (2-door) $575, Sedan (4-door 6-window) $635, f.o.b. factory. Wire wheels standard at no extra cost. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments. Non-shatterable plate glass is available on all models at small extra cost.

NEW PLYMOUTH IS SOLD BY ALL DESOTO, CHRYSLER AND DODGE DEALERS

The Perfect Kiss Defined At Last

Dr. Oldfield, Distinguished English Physician, Gives the Results of His Researches Into One of the Most Discussed and Least Agreed Upon Matters of Human Behavior, and Points Out What He Thinks Are the Worst Kisses as Well as the Best

The Most Dangerous Kiss—A Remarkable Photograph of Two Trapeze Performers Kissing in Mid-Air.

The Perfect Kiss, as It Is Enacted in the Motion Pictures.

The Worst Kiss—Kissing the "Defenceless Baby."

POETS, playwrights, novelists—almost every kind of men, including ministers, have tried for centuries to define the kiss. No one of them has ever wholly agreed with another. But recently Dr. Josiah Oldfield, one of the most distinguished of English physicians, founder of the Humanitarian Hospital of St. Francis, London, and a highly regarded philosopher as well, addressed the Women's Institutes of Berkshire upon the kiss, giving some of the results of his long research into this peculiar phenomenon of human behavior.

Dr. Oldfield not only defined the kiss from the scientific viewpoint, but analyzed the perfect kiss into three ingredients which must be properly mixed, like a cocktail, to be fully effective. Some of the most interesting points of Dr. Oldfield's address follow.

From Dr. Josiah Oldfield's Recent Lecture Upon the Kiss.

The question of how and where a woman should be kissed is a matter solely for her to decide.

Kissing is the result of two sets of emotional cellular vibrations which attract each other and become harmoniously merged into a rich chord by contact.

A kiss should always contain three elements—affection, respect and passion.

The perfect kiss is compounded of all three and where all three are present, the human race touches upon the delights of Paradise.

Two sisters may kiss each other with affection, but what is the old saying about the sister's kiss? It is like eating bread without jam.

A courtier may kiss the hand of his queen with respect—but it is like one iceberg touching another under the cold eye of the arctic sun.

A Raisuli, a sheik or a footpad may kiss a girl with passion—but such embraces create revulsion and terror.

To be kissed is neither a breach of religion nor a transgression of science. Love-making is of the essence of religion, and kissing is a scientific manifestation of psychic affinities.

Every so often a scientific scare goes round the world. "Beware of microbes," they say. "Every time you are kissed you are infected with a million microbes." And those who hear this awful warning picture to themselves all sorts of dreadful diseases, which they feel sure they will get if they allow their lips to be kissed.

This is all nonsense. When Jack kisses Jill, he may indeed leave behind him on her lips his million microbes, but at the same time he takes on to his own lips a million of Jills'. And evolution seems to prove that instead of this being injurious, the exchange is actually beneficial.

It may be that in these exchanged million microbes, there may follow a million fatal battles, if the microbes are hostile to each other, or a million marriages if they are of a congenial type. But whether these microbes fight or marry there is no evidence that the exchange is injurious to either Jack or Jill. Of course this always assumes that both are healthy.

In olden times it wasn't considered proper to talk about such things, and a girl was taught that it wasn't nice ever to think about kissing. None the less every nice girl had instincts which attracted her towards he boy friends, and made her look forward to the time when her best beloved would take her into his arms, and tell her how much he loved her, and would kiss her passionately.

Nowadays the reticence of the Victorian period has been partly torn away by the freedom which women enjoy, and partly dissolved by the cold eye of science. A girl now has so much freedom that neither father nor mother nor guardian can keep an eye upon her always. She is left, therefore, free, and with her freedom she has her responsibilities.

When she was guarded by a duenna she was not allowed to be kissed except by a suitable suitor, and so she was safe and secure within the protection of those who were wise and experienced. Nowadays she stands, or falls, on her own, and if she chooses comrades of the best type they will all help each other.

In former times many and many a girl longed for the kiss she never had the opportunity of getting. Nowadays a percentage of girls have cheapened themselves and injured their sex by asking for a more or less indiscriminate kissing.

I am speaking only of decent youths and decent maidens. I always impress on every girl I know that she has no right to allow any man to touch her until she has learned to have faith and confidence in him, and respect for his character and habits.

Too often I have been consulted by sad and broken women who have been led away by the handsome face, the gay manner, the careless prodigality, the claim to superority of family or position of some young fellow. They have, in the popular phrase, "fallen for him," and the result is a bad fall and scars, and injuries that have made all after life a burden.

Every girl should remember that she has a right to be kissed, but that she has a duty also—a duty to herself and to her sex—that she shun and refuse and keep herself untouched by any of these young libertines who go about taking each girl they meet "into the garden," and trying to make her believe that she alone is the Rose of Sharon and the darling of his day dreams.

This is the beginning of withered flowers and faded rosebuds, and I have turned on these girls in pity and anger combined, and asked:

"Why on earth didn't you select a decent fellow?"

A woman is the mistress of her own lips and of her own body, and she must remember that lips too often kissed become stale, like wine that has stood the night in a glass.

A girl who lets every man kiss her is not worth kissing! A man with bad breath and dirty teeth has no right to kiss any decent girl. No girl who does not keep her teeth clean and her mouth fragrant should expect to be kissed.

It is no wonder that poets have rhapsodized upon the sweetness of lips in contact, of eyes of love looking into the depths of meek eyes full of delight; of the gorgeous moment when doubt is gone, and perfect confidence realizes the meaning of the perfect kiss.

Spring after Spring I read anew the wonderful love song of Solomon which begins so passionately and with such rare beauty:

"Let him kiss me," sings the maiden awaiting her lover, "with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine . . . his mouth is most sweet, yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."

Can any girl read this poem of her sister's loving and kissing thousands of years ago without a kindling fire of ecstasy? Can any girl think of the petty vulgarity of modern "petting parties" and "cocktail orgies," and not feel a wave of shame come over her?

How are the glories of bygone men and women departed!

How low has the vine and the pomegranate been dragged in the mud! How pathetically mean and paltry is the modern product of civilization when she goes love-making with her young man of the loud checks and louder talking, in comparison with the exquisite poetry of the maidens of Sharon and the charioteers of Aminadib.

I remember the quaint reasoning of the weaver maidens related in that old story called "Jack of Newberrie," written in the reign of Henry VIII.

When the King and Queen were with the master and his good wife, Will Sommers kept company amongst the maidens, and betook himself to spinning as they did, which among them was held as a forfeit of a gallon of wine, but William would by no means pay it, except they would take it out in kisses, rating every kiss at a farden.

This payment was refused by the maidens, for, quoth they, "We refuse for two causes. The one that we esteem not kisses at so base a rate as a farden each one, and the other because in our being kissed we give as much to you as you do give to us. Pay us then our gallon of wine."

There are two forms of kissing which I always protest against.

As a doctor always in charge of many babies I have constantly to protect them against the selfish mania of kissing women. In every town and village there are women who assault every baby they meet in a baby carriage or in its nurse's arms.

Seizing the poor defenceless little mite they manifest their imitation maternal instinct by rubbing their big mouths over the little one's face and lips. And among those who are the worst affected with this mania are women who take the least care about the sanitation of their own mouths or the care of their own teeth.

This is the worst kiss.

No wonder that babies catch diseases from women who go about indiscriminately kissing every baby they can get hold of. In all my babies' wards I have a notice put up: "Please protect these defenceless babies against selfish women who want to kiss them.

"They are too small and weakly to protect themselves.

"If you cannot help kissing them, kiss them on the top of their heads, but avoid the face!"

Such a notice might well be placed in every home that has a baby, and on its carriage when it is taken out riding.

So many of these women do it to try and make people believe that they are fond of children. Nothing of the kind. It is the selfish mania of perverted minds. Many of these women refuse to have children of their own and yet persist in insulting and assaulting other women's babies with their repulsive kissing.

There is another form of kissing which is wholly unsanitary and offensive to me. I am a lover of animals. I prove my love for them by refusing to have any part or lot in vivisecting them. I prove my affection for them by refusing to allow any animal to suffer agony and death to please my palate.

Since I was an undergraduate at Oxford I have wholly abstained from eating a portion of any slaughtered creature.

Let not then any of the women who kiss animals rail at me as being inhuman or wanting in sympathy for animals.

I detest seeing a woman allow a dog or cat which has been eating one knows not what, to come and lick her face, or the woman to kiss it.

Next to the promiscuous kissing of babies, this is the worst of kisses.

It is of collateral interest to know what some of the great minds of literature and philosophy have had to say about the kiss, and how their definitions vary from Dr. Oldfield's.

Christian Nestell Bovee, noted American author, came rather close to Dr. Oldfield. He got two of the ingredients of the cocktail, but left out the third. He said:

"It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it."

Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked that:

"The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer."

Ninon de Lenclos, who was beautiful until ninety and still had her sweethearts at that age, defined the kiss as —"The blossom of love," but H. W. Shaw, an English philosopher, said bluntly: "You cannot analyze a kiss any more than you can dissect the fragance of flowers."

Dean Swift wondered—"What fool it was that first invented kissing."

Herrick, the joyous old English poet, was more homely in his definition. He wrote:

"What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet sement, glue, and lime of love."

Mary E. Buell, the poetess, defined it as:

"Something made of nothing, tasting very sweet,
A most delicious compound, with ingredients complete."

While one of the most blistering epigrams of the Roman Martial runs thus:

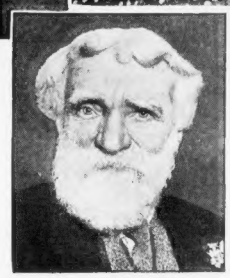
"Why do I not kiss you, Philaenis? you are bald. Why do I not kiss you, Philaenis? you are carrotty. Why do I not kiss you, Philaenis? you are one-eyed. He who kisses you, Philaenis, sins against nature."

And Rostand, in his Cyrano de Bergerac, says:

"A kiss, when all is said, what is it? . . . a rosy dot
Placed on the 'i' in loving; 'tis a secret
Told to the mouth instead of to the ear."

Dr. Oldfield Objects to Women Kissing Dogs or Other Animals as Unsanitary. The Picture Directly Above Shows a Germ-Proof Screen Devised to Make Kisses 100 Per Cent Sanitary—but It Never Became Very Popular.

A Kiss Difficult to Define—Carnera, the World's Largest Prizefighter, Called "The Man Mountain," Embracing His Sweetheart.



Dr. Josiah Oldfield, Who Has Made Such an Interesting Study of the Kiss.

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Picturesque Animals Our(

Photo FIELD MUSEUM NAT'L HISTORY

The Giant "Panda," Perhaps the Rarest of the World's Larger Animals. With Cat-Like Feet and a Bear's Body, But a Face Like a Raccoon, This Creature Is Found Only in the Wilderness of Thibet. *This Specimen Is from a Group in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.*

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IN the museums in some of the great cities are the skeletons of a few of the huge, grotesque and astonishing animals of bygone ages—no living human being, of course, has ever seen one of the giant flying reptiles, the fierce sabre-toothed tiger, the armored lizards, nor the bulky dinosaurs. And science now asserts that in a few years all of the big interesting wild animals which are still to be found in their native wilds will be gone, except a few bred for the circus and the zoo or in private game preserves.

Many, however, like the gorilla, cannot be bred in captivity, and unless quick steps are taken to provide game refuges in all parts of the world there will be little to show our reproachful grandchildren but pictures, bones and a few stuffed specimens at the museum. The pacifist rabbit, the militant rattlesnake and the grafting rat and mouse will still be there, to say nothing of the fly and mosquito, because man does not know how to handle them.

On this page are shown photographs of some of the methods of the natives of Africa in destroying animal life. Places are selected which are natural runways for the game, and pits are dug in the earth so designed that a frightened animal might attempt to find safe footing in crossing the pits, but would certainly fall into them. Another method used with great success by the natives is to string a long line of snares. Sometimes these snares are 150 feet long, and they are stretched across places where the game travels from one feeding ground to another or to a water-hole. The natives then scatter through the jungle and start the animals in the direction of the pits or snares. Sometimes hundreds of animals, from a gazelle to a giraffe, are caught in these traps.

Animals sometimes travel long distances to water-holes, where all varieties of creatures assemble to drink in large numbers. The natives and the visiting "big game" hunters post themselves about these water-holes and destroy enormous numbers of animals. Visitors in aeroplanes sweep the wild country and shoot down lions and animals they would not dare face on foot.

"It is the end of the age of monsters," says Professor H. J. Massingham, an English writer, as he runs over the long list of birds and beasts that man has exterminated as fast as he could manage it and shows how many others are already on the verge of extinction. Big game has become so scarce all over the earth that hunters are now converging in the one real hunting ground that remains—Kenya, a British colony in Africa.

To make this final slaughter as easy and luxurious as possible a magnificent hotel has been built on the very edge of the jungle. There on its broad verandas, between massacres, the wild game hunters and their sometimes wild feminine companions can sip their champagne evenings as they listen to the roars and snorts of the doomed beasts they will kill in the morning.

Recently, however, roars have come from those verandas because Britain is considering putting a stop to the "fun." The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester have stirred unfavorable comment by engaging in a big game hunt in Kenya. The wealthy hunters themselves had been agitating for laws to make the whole colony a sort of game preserve for themselves, but not a game sanctuary—nothing like that.

They wanted laws prohibiting the white settler and the native from killing game unless he had a license so expensive as to be prohibitive except for the international sportsman, who is almost invariably a rich man. These sports thought that everybody from the poor native up should be made to pay $5,000 a season for the right to sling a rifle over his shoulder. The government, however, favors the idea of an extensive game sanctuary, where nobody can shoot except with a camera.

One of the sportsmen most incensed at this thought admitted that on his last trip he fired 1,500 rounds from his high-powered rifle. He is a crack shot and let go at everything he saw. Only a few specimens were brought back. Some were missed entirely and the rest were photographed and left where they fell or left to drag themselves away to die of wounds and starvation. One excuse offered by the hunters is that the deadly tsetse fly also preys on big game, and therefore if all large animals were exterminated that insect menace must also vanish. Science is not at all sure that any such thing would happen. The result might be that the tsetse would be forced to invade other areas of Africa or redouble its attacks on man and the domesticated animals.

Many species of birds, beasts and reptiles have been seen for the last time since the youth of men living today. Among the most recent of these passings are the great auk, the passenger pigeon, Stellar's sea cow and many of the great land tortoises. How close the others are to stepping off the earth is shown by recent official reports and estimates.

Australia has just roused itself at the last moment to rescue the few survivors of the once plentiful duck-billed platypus, one of the most curious animals in existence. As far back as 1925 Sir James Barrett reported that except in a few spots all the Australian large animals were almost gone.

Of the vast herds of elephants that recently roamed the Addah district of Africa only thirty or forty animals survive. During the season of 1926-27, 150 specimens of the white rhinoceros, third heaviest of land animals, were left. The blue rhinoceros and the pugnacious wart hog are going almost as fast. In Uganda it is estimated that only 100 gorillas remain. There are a few more, however, "in the Kameroons, the home of them big baboons."

It is a long list not only of heavyweights but lightweights and welterweights, including zebras, the various antelopes and the colobus and blue monkeys, sentenced to death for the benefit of the fur trade. The Northern Sea elephant, which once added to the picturesqueness of the California coast in great numbers, may soon be only a memory.

The India antelope, the brow-antlered deer, the swamp deer, the Indian gazelle, the one-horned rhinoceros, which probably inspired the unicorn myth; the orang-utan of Sumatra, and all the other sizable creatures seem to be having their last look at this man-conquered planet. The list covers all the countries of the world.

Some of the large animals are so few in number that many have not been seen by more than half a dozen white men, and by not very many natives in their natural home. The curious animal known as the giant "panda" is perhaps the rarest of the world's larger animals. This creature is found occasionally in the wilderness of Tibet, and there are only three specimens in the museums of the world — one in France and the other two in a group in the Field Museum in Chicago. This curious creature has cat-like feet and a bear's body, but a face like a raccoon.

That the great herds must go to make room for man, whose rapid multiplication will soon force him to cultivate the last tillable acre to prevent starvation, few would dispute. At the same time man can afford to fence off a few wild sections for a limited number of all species. He cannot afford not to, for it is not merely a matter of sentiment. If all the cathedrals were destroyed future generations could rebuild them bigger and better than ever, if they should choose, but science can never hope to create even the lowest of these animals.

The severest loss of all would be the anthropoid apes. These creatures are so closely related to human beings that they can be infected with virtually all human disease microbes and their possibilities for saving millions of lives from future epidemics are limitless. This generation will be lucky if historians and scientists call it nothing worse than stupid to kill off the apes for fun and decoration.

For hundreds of thousands of years the human race lived by killing and eating animals, but the instinct goes further back than that, and there is revenge in it.

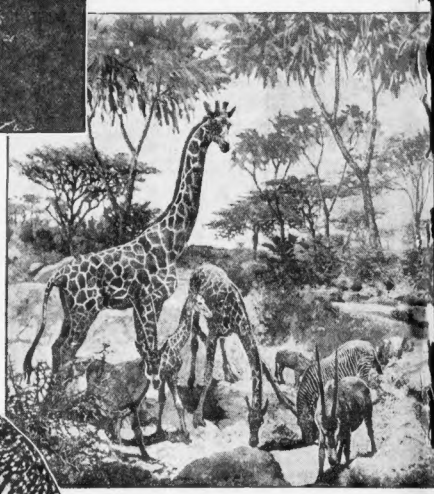
Before man was a cave man but only a sort of pitiful ape man, unclothed and living in the open, armed only with a club and a few clumsy flint implements called "eolithes," he was prey for all but the very smallest carnivora. The cave bear plundered him and knocked his head off. The sabre-toothed tiger ate him if he didn't climb a tree in time. Most all the canine and feline families "ran him ragged" and the elephant and rhinoceros stepped on him as if he were a worm.

It was only after he had learned to make effective flint-headed spears and to hunt in packs that man dared turn on his four-footed oppressors. The revolt was dangerous, but besides the sweetness of revenge it was profitable. The big bodies provided feasts of meat, their furs warm clothing for the ice ages, their bones and horns materials for new weapons and, best of all, their

Splendid Specimen of a Male Kivu Gorilla, But Very Few of These Huge Cousins of Man Still Survive.

Game-Pits Are Dug by the Natives of Africa ar... Natives Scatter Through the Bush Herding the W... Pits or Snares. In These Traps Are Often Captur... a Gazelle to a Giraffe.

To the Left and the Right Are Shown Some o... and Neck of a Dead Giraffe Are Shown, While the B... Lying Dead on the Ground Has Been Caught by t... and Attached to a Heavy Log, Which Prevents t...



Animals Sometimes Travel Long Distances ... tures Assemble to Drink in Large Numbers. T... Hunters Post Themselves About These Water-H...

Reconstruction of Animals Drinking at a Water-Hole.

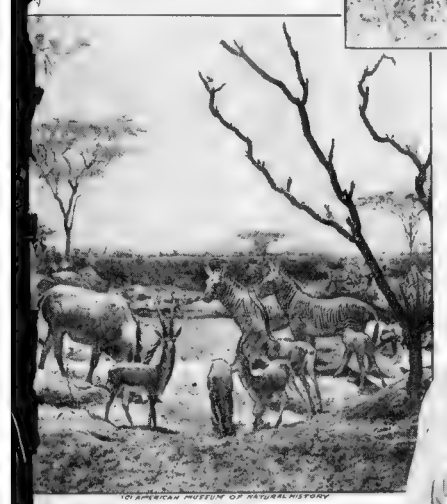
The Heath Hen. These Interesting Birds Were Plentiful in New England a Few Years Ago, But There Is Now Remaining Only One Living Heath Hen on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. When This Specimen Dies the Species Will Become Extinct.

Photograph of a Section of the 2,000,000-Acr... Where, It Is Hoped, Elephants, Buffalos and... Be Saved from Complete Extinction. *Photograp...*

Grandchildren Will Not See

d Long Lines of Snares Are Set Up. Then the
id Animals, Which Are Driven Toward the
d Hundreds of Animals, Big and Little, from

the Results of an Animal Drive. The Head
dy Is Out of Sight in the Pit. The Hartebeest
e Foot in a Noose Placed Open on the Ground
Animal, Once Trapped, from Going Far.



IG AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

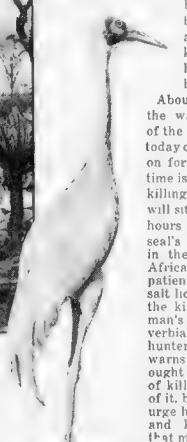
to Water-Holes, Where All Varieties of Crea-
e African Natives and the Visiting "Big Game"
les and Destroy Enormous Numbers of Animals.
om an American Museum of Natural History Group.

Vild Life Sanctuary in the Belgian Congo,
rhaps Gorillas and Other Rare Animals May
by American Museum of Natural History, New York.

caves were the first decent shelters man ever
knew. It meant a great rise in his standard of
living. The war for profit and revenge went on
right into historic times.

Some captured animals, mostly cubs and pup-
es, were spared and some, as an afterthought,
ere domesticated. They escaped the spear from
no motives of mercy, but because in those days the only way to preserve meat was to keep it alive. Any cave men who would have seriously suggested letting an animal go on grounds of pity would probably have been brought before the chief and ordered knocked on the head by the tribal fool-killer.

About the only thing the wandering mind of the modern savage today can concentrate on for any length of time is the business of killing. The Eskimo will sit motionless for hours watching the seal's breathing hole in the ice, and the African will crouch patiently beside the salt lick or spring for the kill. The fisherman's patience is proverbial. The civilized hunter's intelligence warns him that he ought to be ashamed of killing for the fun of it, but his emotions urge him to go ahead and kill everything that moves.



The Interesting "Whooping Crane," Which Will Be Extinct Within a Few Years.

As woman did not hunt, but was given the job of keeping the captured colts, calves and whelps along with her own brood, she naturally developed the first glimmerings of sympathy for animals. And thus, largely through the influence of women and the Audubon Association of Bird Lovers, whose aim is the prevention of bird slaughter, sanctuaries have been established here and there.

Animal sanctuaries should be large because experience shows that small ones are apt to become a public nuisance. Mr. John D. Rockefeller allows no killing on his estates at Pocantico, New York. But the neighbors, who at first thought this a fine thing, now complain that besides birds and beasts in good moral standing, various skunks, weasels, foxes, crows, hawks and other "varmints" found out that Mr. Rockefeller is a nice man to live with, moved in and raised families.

Nobody objects to that, but these predatory creatures are said to be using the sanctuary as a sort of military bridgehead for raiding the countryside and the embattled farmer cannot get back at the robbers. They seem to have learned that their protector's chickens are not to be molested.

The American prong-horned antelope, in spite of the fact that it was once as plentiful as was the bison and can get out of range at a rate of almost a mile a minute, has been shot down to only a few specimens in game preserves. The opossum, a creature that has remained almost unchanged longer than any other in America, is also on the verge of extinction because everyone knows that he conceals under his fur the makings of a delicious pie. The elk and the California grizzly are almost extinct. Of the heath hen, cousin to the prairie hen, only one, a male, remains—if, indeed, it is still alive at this moment. When he dies the heath hen will be extinct. The interesting "whooping crane" will be extinct in a few years.

Salt-pond and water birds, like ducks, give a false impression that they are still rather plentiful, although they, too, are on their way to join the brontosaurus. The reason is that, shot from one feeding ground to another, the dwindling survivors still obey the old instinct to flock together and thus make quite a showing, and the hunters flock after them.

The White Rhinoceros Is Fast Disappearing. Four Years Ago Scientists Estimated That There Were Only 150 Specimens Left in the Jungle. It Is the Third Largest Mammal Still Living.

This Photograph is from a Specimen in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

PHOTO FIELD MUSEUM NATURAL HISTORY

M. A. von Luetgendorf, writing in the German Magazine "Die Woche," says:

"We must not overlook the fact that some of our present day breeds are facing their doom. An example of the almost total extermination of native birds may be seen in China. There, according to the investigations of Arseniew, the only remaining wild animals are wild dogs, crows and rats. Even on the coasts wild life has almost gone because the Chinese destroy their wild animals without any concern about propagating them.

"Lately the Chinese have taken to hunting in Siberia. It will take time, but, knowing the Chinese habits, even these huge forests seem destined to be stripped of their native animals. Far off in Zelentscheck, in the Caucasus, there still are to be found a few specimens of the European bison, a magnificent animal, ten feet long. In the early middle ages its home was in the Hartz Mountains, but fleeing before the crossbow and arrow of those days, it retreated eastward through the great Lithuanian forests. The last to remain behind was shot in Germany by a poacher in 1775.

"The Czars came to the animal's rescue by establishing preserves in Russia. The slaughter of bison was considerably discouraged by an imperial edict of 1814, punishing the act by life banishment to Siberia. As a result the forest of Bialowieve contained 727 before the war. But after the Russian revolution these, with other assets of the Empire, were eaten up."

How easy it is for birds to become extinct before the world has roused itself to the fact that they are even dangerously scarce is shown by the passing of the great auk, America's only bird that could not fly, and the Labrador duck, which was not fit to eat, but whose nest was easy to rob and which made such easy targets that the gunner and the small boy put an end to the species as thoughtlessly as so many insects. One year it occurred to the hunters that these birds were getting shy, a few years later they called them "scarce," and then they realized one season that none had been seen. Much later they found out that they never would be seen again. They had quietly left the stage forever.

The Carolina paroquet, only member of the parrot family that met the colonists in the Eastern United States, was "given the works," as the gunmen express it, so unceremoniously that not very much is known of its life. Alexander Sprunt, Jr., curator of ornithology of the Charleston, S. C., Museum, writing in the "Nature Magazine," published by the American Nature Association, of the passing into oblivion of this brilliantly beautiful American bird, says:

"The range of this interesting species once embraced a goodly portion of this country. Many years ago it was found as far north as the Great Lakes, eastward to the Atlantic coast, and west to Colorado and Texas. It was well known to the early settlers, and many were killed then because of the attractiveness of their plumage, a direct cause of their final disappearance. Like so many other species, this bird was forced to retreat before the advance of civilization. The clearing of the country, the increase of population and, as always, the man with a gun, joined to force the rapid decrease of their numbers.

"In habits this paroquet resembled many others of this very interesting family. They were fond of each other's company, often going about in large flocks and roosting together in numbers. Little is known in regard to the nesting, and, strangely enough, information on this subject is divergent and contradictory. Those keen naturalists, Audubon and Wilson, stated that they invariably bred in the hollows of trees, but the late William Brewster, investigating in Florida in the year 1888 or 1889, found that observers there, both educated and illiterate, had seen the nests on branches of trees, describing them as to a great extent resembling those of the mourning dove.

"It seems odd that testimony should be so different, and Edwin Hasbrouck, writing in The Auk in 1891, suggests that, like some of the owls, these paroquets nested either in holes or built on branches, according to conditions. That is, at least, a reasonable view. Very little is known, at any rate, about this phase of their history. The eggs were said to be four or five, white in color. Most of the specimens in present day collections were laid by birds in captivity.

"Dr. F. M. Chapman found the birds in Florida in 1889, and gives an excellent account of his observations. They were very locally distributed even then, and it was some time before he was fortunate enough to find them and then after a long search.

"The causes which led to the extermination of the Carolina paroquet were, in the main, three in number, all of perhaps equal importance. Because of their fondness for fruit, they were killed in multitudes for their depredations upon orchards, and it is doubtless true that they did make considerable inroads on the crops. Naturally, this brought down upon their heads the wrath of the planter, and they suffered accordingly.

"Men who made it a business of supplying dealers with cage-birds trapped the paroquets in thousands for this purpose, and, lastly, the millinery trade demanded their beautiful plumage as ornamentation. Like other unfortunate birds who wore bright colors, the Carolina paroquet became a martyr to fashion. Besides these cardinal reasons, many birds were killed by promiscuous hunters. It will be seen, therefore, that with such destructive agencies at work, the ranks became rapidly thinner, until, throughout the East, they totally disappeared.

"For a while some lingered in what was then known as the Indian Territory and Arkansas. Florida, however, was the last stronghold, and they persisted there in small numbers after being wiped out everywhere else. No recent reports of them have been received, and although not considered absolutely extinct by some, there is little doubt that the species has disappeared completely. The evidence of recent years goes far toward substantiating this belief. It is extremely doubtful whether even the Everglades holds another paroquet. In the extermination of this beautiful and interesting bird another stone has been added in the monument to the destructive power of mankind that has laid waste a Nature Paradise."

There can be little doubt that man was the chief agent in bringing about the destruction of the Labrador duck, Mr. Sprunt states in another issue of the same magazine, telling of the end of this fine species. It happens that the time, place and all the details of the crime of killing that last survivor of a species that had learned to survive all enemies are known. Mr. Sprunt thus describes the fatal day:

"It was a cold Winter morning in the year 1875. The sun shone wanly upon a heaving waste of gray, sullen waters. A keen wind straight from the northern barrens swept over an offshore bar. The dry rustling of the bleached and withered grasses which clothed the low sand dunes mingled with the subdued roar of the surf as it rolled into the shallows. A sharp chill was in the air, accentuated ever and anon as a wisp of restless cloud obscured the feeble rays of the Winter sun. A pale gloom enveloped the dim horizon and rendered the meeting place of sand and water an area of confused lights and shadows—a bleak and desolate scene, seemingly waiting for a tragedy.

"A half expectant forewarning of impending doom seemed hovering in the murky mist to seaward. As if to heighten this illusion, a band of sombre-plumaged scoters swam and dived near the beach, their funereal color standing sharply out against the gray on the waters. On the point of a low sandspit reaching outward from the beach was a clump of tangled grasses, in the midst of which, crouched in a slight depression and shielded from view, was a man. Bundled in coat and hip boots, he waited. A long-barreled gun with an open box of ammunition lay at his side.

"Several yards out in the water in front of the blind were a number of painted decoys, bobbing and swaying at their anchors, while, at the edge of the lapping water, six or eight limp, black-headed ducks with bluish bills and white bellies rolled and washed in the shallows, silent witnesses to the accuracy of the long-barreled

Continued on Page 16

Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

T[illegible]

What [illegible] prepared for [illegible] own mother and father [illegible] out of the [illegible] She [illegible] them [illegible] Her own people [illegible] Yet, a moment [illegible] to think [illegible] he might [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Guers- [illegible] Mr. [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. Guersey [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

$5000.00 for answers to this Simple Question:

"HOW DO YOU USE YOUR 3 CANS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PER MONTH?"

Five Fine Recipes To Help You

WATERMELON SURPRISE BASKET

CANTALOUPE MELBA

PINEAPPLE BOAT

ORIENTAL PUNCH

PINEAPPLE SUNSET

MARK YOUR KITCHEN CALENDAR—*NOW!*

Follow this "Regular Service Plan"! It will surely give you better meals.

IT MAY MEAN $1000 TO YOU

One check for $1,000—fifteen $100 checks—twenty-five checks for $50—fifty checks for $25! $5,000 in all, waiting to be paid to ninety-one American home makers.

And what for? Simply for following an efficient "regular service plan" in your use of canned Hawaiian Pineapple for the next few months (the kind of plan which Food Experts are recommending for all essential foods) and then telling us how it has helped you to serve more tempting and better balanced meals.

What could be fairer, more intriguing than that? Here's the story:

We feel sure that you already serve Hawaiian Pineapple—often. Investigation shows that most better-class homes use more than three cans a month. Probably *you* serve it much oftener than that.

For where in the world is there any other fruit with a wider appeal—more interesting uses—than Canned Hawaiian Pineapple? What other fruit is so economical, at today's low prices—so genuinely healthful—so deserving of frequent service?

But we are anxious to help you and all other women make a *more efficient use* of this fine tropical fruit. That's why we are making it worth your while to follow, for a few months, a simple "regular service plan"—then to report your experiences for possible publication to millions of other women.

This Is All You Have To Do

You don't need to go to a lot of extra trouble in order to follow this service plan and qualify for our liberal cash awards. You don't have to think up any new recipes. All we ask is that you plan in advance the days on which you intend to serve Pineapple (this makes sure that it will be served at regular enough intervals to avoid monotony). You put each day's menu on your kitchen calendar, town, and put a gay sticker on it to mark "Pineapple days"—as many days per month as you are in the habit of serving this fine tropical fruit, but not less often than every ten days.

Then, as each of these days comes, note down how you served Hawaiian Pineapple on that day—whether you used *Sliced, Crushed or Tidbits*—what other foods you served with it—how you used the juice or any part of the fruit not needed for the main dish—how you met the day's special menu emergencies.

To help you keep this record and make your report, we have prepared a "Regular Service Diary Pad," which is free for the asking. We don't require that you use this pad—but it is important as it will make your report easier to prepare. We give full directions for using the pad (see the coupon below).

Mail Your Report Before April 30, 1932

Your report may cover any months from September, through April. But by starting now you have a great advantage. This gives you time to try out in your kitchen the "regular service plan," and work out the very best menus for use of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—in any season—under all sorts of conditions. Finally, by the end of April, you have the three months which, with one exception, represent the most different and interesting types of menus. Then, on your kitchen calendar, you have a record of the three choice months, along with a letter summing up the results of your experience.

Whether or not you win one of the big money prizes, we promise that you will be glad you sent in your "regular service plan" when you want to make a change. You'll be delighted with the way it saves you time—and helps you serve better meals.

Follow these simple rules!

This offer is open to any woman not connected with the Pineapple canning industry and not a professional food writer or Domestic Science expert.

CHECKS WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

ONE CHECK OF	$1,000.00
FIFTEEN CHECKS OF	100.00
TWENTY FIVE CHECKS OF	50.00
FIFTY CHECKS OF	25.00

JUDGES:

MISS ALICE BRADLEY
Editor, Cooking Department, Woman's Home Companion

MISS SARAH FIELD SPLINT
Foods and Household Director, McCall's Magazine

MRS. MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY
Director, Baltimore Home Institute

Awards will be made for the most frequent, attractive and practical use of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple in meeting 3 months' menu emergencies on a "regular service plan." No answer will be considered which calls for less than 3 cans per month.

Be sure that all three convenient forms are included—Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits.

Answers must be in the mail before April 30th.

Write on white paper or use the "Regular Service Diary Pad," offered in the coupon below.

It is understood that the Service Stories which we purchase are our property and may be published at our discretion.

Address, Recipe Editor, Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 800 Adam Grant Building, San Francisco, California.

Be sure you use all three convenient forms!

Of course you use *Sliced* Hawaiian Pineapple—right from the can—for those meals when all the family gathers 'round. But you are missing something if you have never made the acquaintance of those other two forms in which Pineapple appears—*Crushed* and *Tidbits*. Crushed is ready to serve as Pineapple sauce, and is perfect for pies, ices, ambrosia and other recipes calling for Pineapple juice. Tidbits are [illegible] which do not require whole slices. All are the same good, tempting Hawaiian flavor.

Hawaiian PINEAPPLE

SLICED
CRUSHED
TIDBITS

Lowest prices since the war

CLIP HERE—AND MAIL THE COUPON

Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners,
800 Adam Grant Building, San Francisco, California.

Please send me your Sliced Pineapple Recipe Book.

Please send me the Regular Service Plan Diary Pad and Recipe Book—both without cost to me!

Name

Address

City *State*

Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

A Thrilling Story of Love, "Spooks" and Mystery

"Good heaven, Tine, you're not expecting me to swallow all this ghostly hocus-pocus?" Hemming Asked

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

N[illegible]

CHAPTER XXV.

The Captain's Theory.

"I don't [illegible] whether you swallow the ghost or not," [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 14)

reassurance. She had been playing, for the last week, the part of a carefree young hoyden in a picture (perhaps you saw the thing later; it was called "Bubbles." I believe, and had to do with a beautiful little tomboy who simply couldn't behave) and the strain of laughing gayly before the camera and "mike," while her thoughts were of the darkest, had left her exhausted. She was inclined to be critical of Jimmy's slowness in clearing up the case, and Jimmy, with his usual talent for sliding out of situations, shunted her on to me. I had to listen to her woes in the living room while he went into a protracted session with Corrigan in the library. What happened there I do not know, but the reporter, who had gone into the room full of his usual slangy persiflage, came out as grave as a hanging judge.

"I'll get that stuff you want, J. L., and I'll have it in your hands tonight," Corrigan promised as he left, then added, with an ominous shake of the head, "provided it doesn't get one of us first!"

Norah was dismissed with a promise that we would pick her up for dinner, and four o'clock found us before the impressive door of Mrs. Elfrieda Jane Chapman.

The Lady Elfrieda lived in a high, narrow house on a hill near the Presidio; from the windows of her living room it was possible to look down upon the bay, dull, now, and leaden through the persistent drizzle. Although it was not yet dusk the room was dark and a few emaciated candles scattered about did little to relieve the gloom. The furniture was modernistic, cut in triangles and squares, and the walls were stenciled with grotesque flowering vines that sprawled about with a sort of indecent abandon. Beside the low chairs and divans there were glass-topped tables of silver metal that looked like the furnishings of an operating room. Over the marble, which was formed of cubes painted alternately black, silver and magenta, was, absurdly enough, an old-fashioned portrait of a heavy-set man with a square-cut beard and piercing black eyes, the deceased Mr. Chapman I decided, and, at the same moment, found myself hoping that we would not be forced to meet in the spirit.

A number of guests were already in the room; some sitting cross-legged upon pillows about the floor, others lost in the depths of the angular furniture. As I looked them over I thought I had never seen such a fantastic crowd: cadaverous women with Adam's apples that protruded above Byronic collars, talked to angular old maids in flowering garments and clanking jewelry; swarthy East Indians lurked in dark corners, and in the foreground a wild-eyed mulatto with long, black wool was instructing a group in the mysteries of voodoo.

I turned to catch Jimmy's eye but he was already making his way toward our hostess. The Lady Elfrieda was dispensing tea, sandwiches and cakes from a table in the corner. It was a long table, made, apparently, from a single block of wood and was supported at the four corners by large silver balls. With a candle at either end, and heaped up food in the middle, it reminded me of a Chinese funeral where the food is laid out for the dead. It was with a distinct effort of will that I dragged my mind back from the gruesome thought and followed Jimmy to greet the Lady Elfrieda.

At sight of us she gave a little chirp of delight and ran around the table, both hands outstretched. "Mr. Lane! This is a surprise. I never dreamed that you would really come!"

She signalled her satellites with little triumphant gestures. "Everybody listen! I've got a beautiful surprise for you!" the Lady Elfrieda announced. "This is Mr. Lane, Mr. James Lane, with whose works I feel sure you are familiar." She looked around with her saccharine smile and cooed again, "Mr. Lane is very much interested in our spirit friends, and I know you will all be glad to tell him your experiences."

A delighted sound ran about the room and I gathered that they were more than willing, they were eager. To the last man they began to crowd forward, like hungry barnyard fowls. It was not until this moment that the Lady Elfrieda remembered my presence and her manners simultaneously. She waved an unenthusiastic flipper in my direction and murmured:

"This is Mr. Lane's friend, Dr. Carlson."

"The name is Carter," Jimmy corrected. "And he's not a doctor, he's a lawyer."

"Oh," she smiled vaguely, "I'm sorry, but I'm frightful at remembering names. They seem so unimportant, somehow, when one is face to face with the infinite."

What was important when one is face to face with the infinite I never learned because she had taken Jimmy's arm and was leading him toward a couch in the corner. Before I could feel properly snubbed a stringy lady in Nile green descended upon me and insisted upon my taking lukewarm tea and sandwiches which disclosed wilted lettuce between slices of stale brown bread.

There was a reason for the lettuce, she informed me. Lettuce was food for the soul, partly because it grew out of the earth, and partly because it was green . . . green being a particularly psychic color, which was why the lady herself always wore it.

By the time my instructress had worn herself out and a long-haired youth, with a purple suit and a magenta tie, had taken up the burden, I was reduced to a condition bordering on madness. Someone had lighted punk sticks, and the incense, combined with the smoke of innumerable cigarettes, filled the room with an opalescent haze. It became a place of somber mystery where dim and shadowy figures drifted back and forth like disembodied spirits.

My head was reeling and, in desperation, I got to my feet and crossed the room in search of Jimmy Lane. I found him sitting between the Lady Elfrieda and a vast, gray-haired woman with eyeglasses whom I remembered having seen at Headquarters the day the Chief examined Grant's followers. The two were showing him photographs in a scrapbook.

"This will interest you, Phil," he said. "These are pictures taken at some of Grant's seances." He held one out to me and I saw that it was of our hostess. There was nothing of interest about the portrait itself except that it was extremely unflattering, but in the background, just over her shoulder, a figure was dimly visible. The face was half turned away, indistinct in the shadows, but it was possible to see that it possessed a dark square-cut beard.

"My husband," explained the Lady Elfrieda brightly. "We were trying for a picture of my son, Ronald, but poor dear Joseph simply would insist upon coming instead."

"Did you ever manage to get a picture of your son?" Jimmy inquired, and she shook her head.

"No; every time we tried we got Mr. Chapman."

"This picture was taken in full light?" I asked.

"Yes; in front of that big window in the seance room."

"And you actually saw your husband beside you?"

"Oh, no," she seemed amused at my ignorance, "of course not! A spirit couldn't possibly stand the light. He only appeared after the plate was developed."

Jimmy seemed not to be listening. Instead he was going through the photographs in his hand while the gray haired woman beside him gave a running commentary.

"That's Mr. Titcomb," she said. "And the spirit extra beside him is his son, Fred. He was killed in the war . . an aviator. You can see he's wearing a helmet and goggles. There's one of me here . . ." She ran through the pile and produced it proudly. "That spirit extra is my sister, Kitty."

"Is it a good likeness?"

"Perfect," said the woman firmly. "Of course you can't see much of her face because it's sort of turned away, but I'd recognize her curls anywhere."

Jimmy was bending over, looking at the picture, and his face was so serious that I began to grow alarmed. Was it possible that he was being taken in by this obvious chicanery? The thought infuriated me and when Mrs. Chapman stated blithely, "Of course it's utterly impossible that there should be any sort of trickery," I turned on her.

"There's every chance for trickery!" I declared. "That particular fake has been exposed again and again. The medium gets hold of a photograph of a dead relative and then double exposes it."

"But I haven't any photograph of my husband," protested the Lady Elfrieda. "The only picture I have is that portrait over the mantel."

Jimmy held out the book and pointed to the photograph. "If you'll look closely, Phil, you'll see that this couldn't have been taken from that portrait. In the painting Mr. Chapman is looking straight out, while in this his face is turned away, and the whole set of his head is altered."

I was forced to agree, but his opposition maddened me. "I don't care," I persisted doggedly. "Houdini and a lot of others have told just how those things are done. I still contend that Grant was a faker."

Instantly a hornet's nest was about my ears. Through the angry babble I caught the persistent tones of the Lady Elfrieda.

"He didn't only take photographs," she declared. "His vibrations were continuously in harmony with the spirit plane, and the manifestations he produced were simply wonderful."

A pimply faced youth leaned over to confirm this. "I saw my grandmother twice," he said, "just as plain as I see you at this minute."

"Did you actually recognize her?"

"Well. . .of course, I couldn't recognize her because she died before I was born, but she told me a lot of things. . ."

"And there was my great-uncle," a woman interrupted. "I recognized him, all right. He was one of those old-fashioned Southerners with a funny goatee and long white hair. He came and talked with me."

"Where did he appear?" Jimmy asked.

"Back of those curtains in Mr. Grant's seance room. Lots of the materializations appeared there."

"They did?" Jimmy looked interested. "Just how did they seem to come? All of a sudden?"

"No; not exactly. They formed under your eyes, sort of . . as if they were floating in the air."

The Lady Elfrieda leaned forward to contribute her bit. "That's one reason I know they were real spirits. All the time you could look right through them and see the mirror behind."

"You are sure of that?" Jimmy asked, and I saw that he was both astonished and puzzled.

"Absolutely sure," the Lady Elfrieda persisted, and a half a dozen others added their affirmations to hers.

For a time he fired questions at the group, which were answered eagerly, then, suddenly, he seemed to lose interest. The scrapbook in his lap had dropped open at a page where there was a photograph and a newspaper clipping.

"That's a spirit picture of Amos Harcastle, Mr. Grant's control," the Lady Elfrieda explained. "And a clipping about his death. I happened to run across it in an old newspaper."

For a moment Jimmy studied the pictured face with its flowing beard and misty halo of white hair, then he turned to the clipping—which I read over his shoulder. A copy of it is now in my possession so it is possible to give it accurately:

PHILOLOGIST SUCCUMBS TO ATTACK

Harcastle Dies In Study

Death claimed one of the country's leading philologists today when Amos Harcastle, 65, former professor at Browne University and author of numerous books, succumbed to a heart attack at his home on Russian Hill.

Harcastle had been ill for some time but was so much recovered yesterday that he rose and began work at his desk. His daughter, Mrs. Donald Wheeler, who resides in the next house, was in the nursery with her children when she heard her father fall. She hurried into the study but he died before medical aid could be summoned. The cause of his death was given as angina pectoris.

In addition to Mrs. Wheeler, Prof. Harcastle is survived by a second daughter, Mrs. Robert Silliman, and six grandchildren.

The Lady Elfrieda waited impatiently while Jimmy read the clipping, then, "Don't you think you can persuade Captain Hemming that Amos Harcastle returned from the spirit plane and killed Mr. Grant and the Colonel?" she entreated. "I can't bear to think of that nice Mr. Stoddard being in a nasty jail."

Jimmy Lane's eyes went back to the clipping and I could not tell whether he was studying it or was occupied with some inner thought. Suddenly he rose and spoke abruptly. "Will you pardon us if we run along, Mrs. Chapman? This has all been very interesting, but Mr. Carter and I have a number of things to attend to."

"Why of course, Mr. Lane." The Lady Elfrieda rose in her usual fluttery fashion. "I understand perfectly. I'm only delighted that you came at all."

Jimmy had already covered the distance to the door, but he paused a moment to ask, "I wonder if you could let me have a few more of your books on Spiritualism and psychic phenomena? I was immensely interested in the ones you loaned me last week."

Mrs. Chapman hurried over to a bookcase and returned with several volumes. She beamed on Jimmy as he took them under his arm. "Some day you will thank me for showing you the light."

For a moment he looked down at her gravely. "I rather think I shall," he agreed, then, suddenly, "Oh, by the way, I wonder if you'd mind being still a little more generous. Could you let me have a couple of those pellets of incense?"

"Why, of course!" She fairly purred with delight and brought forth a small box from the litter on the table. "I'm flattered that you like my little fragrances."

Jimmy passed the books to me and slipped the box into his pocket. "They are delicious," he said. "I shall burn them while I read your books. It will give just the right atmosphere."

"Oh, yes, atmosphere is so important, isn't it?" cooed the Lady Elfrieda, and Jimmy glanced back toward the room where the disembodied spirits still seemed to float through murky gloom.

"Very," he said gravely, "atmosphere is everything."

A moment later we were out upon the street.

Somehow I managed to hang onto my temper until we reached the car, then I flung the books on the seat with unnecessary violence and turned on Jimmy Lane. "I'd like to know your idea . . . wasting a whole afternoon with a bunch of idiots like that after you promised Norah to work on the case."

"I was working on the case. I made some valuable discoveries."

"I hope you didn't make them from anything the Lady Elfrieda told you; that woman's as mad as a hatter."

"You think so?" He looked at me keenly.

"I do. All her fads and isms. 'Universal Peace,' 'Love Is Everything,' 'The Spirit Plane' are so mixed up you can't tell one from t'other. And look at that crazy house! Ugh! It made me think of The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

Jimmy smiled as though he were pleased. "You noticed that, did you? I wondered if you would."

"Of course I noticed it."

"Then perhaps you noticed something else . . . something which had direct reference to this case?" He was looking at me with a peculiar, teasing smile, and I stared back blankly.

"No; I can't say that I did."

"Too bad, Phil. You should have caught it, you really should." Instead of enlightening me, he closed into silence and I was too annoyed by the mad hour I'd been through to question him.

After a period of taciturnity, of which Jimmy seemed blissfully unconscious, I burst out irritably, "I'd like to know what you're going to tell Norah. We're picking her up for dinner, you know."

"You're picking her up. I've got several other things to attend to so I'm going to let you dine with her alone."

"But, hang it all, what shall I tell her?"

"Anything you like. Only don't forget that you're a married man and that Diana will be back next week." He saw my exasperation was increasing and reached over to pat my arm. "See here, Phil, I'm not trying to slip out of anything. You said you'd help in this case, and the greatest help you can give me just now is to keep Norah cheerful and off my neck. There are things I've got to think out and I can only do it alone."

What reply could I make to that except an apology for my gruffness? "You really think you're on the trail of the solution?" I asked, hoping for some hint of encouragement to take Norah.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I think I have some glimmering of the truth, but it's still so hazy. . .and so full of dark places that I want to sit down and work it out."

won't linger over my dinner with Norah. She was trying to be cheerful, bless her heart, but her thoughts were with her lover and I could see that her self-control was near the breaking point. I felt desperately to put off her questions about Jimmy with a general statement that he was working on the case, but she insisted upon details and I was forced to tell her about our afternoon at the Lady Elfrieda's tea. Instantly she took fire.

"You mean to say that he wasted all that valuable time gabbling with a lot of old women?"

"Of both sexes," I agreed, trying to smooth her down by a lighter touch. But she would have none of my feeble wit.

"I don't believe he's doing a thing," she declared. "I think he's gone absolutely haywire on this spook stuff."

"You more than half believe the spook stuff yourself," I challenged, and she turned on me a face so stricken that I was sorry I had spoken.

"That's the awful part of it. I do. But we'll never be able to make the police believe it, and they'll keep on holding Dick and, oh . . I did so count on Jimmy Lane's keeping his head and getting him out of the mess. He promised he would! You know he did!"

She continued this wail through the dinner at Solari's served under the hospitable eye of Madam Solari herself. But it seemed to have a cheering effect, and by the time black coffee appeared, the worst was over. She crinkled at me with her nice Irish smile and patted my arm across the table.

"I've no business to take it out on you," she said. "You've been a dear all through. But I certainly would like a chance to wring Jimmy Lane's neck."

I might have pointed out that it wasn't Jimmy's murder in the first place, and that he had been roped into the thing through good nature, but I know better. "I'm afraid you can't get at him just now," I told her. "Failing that, what would you like to do next?"

Norah looked thoughtful. "It's a crazy idea, but I'd like to ride up to Russian Hill. If we prowled around it might suggest something to us."

I was delighted that she had given up the idea of pursuing Jimmy, and greeted her plan with enthusiasm accordingly.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Picturesque Animals Our Grandchildren Will Not See

(Continued from Double Page)

gun in the grassy blind. The lone hunter had been out since dawn first flushed the eastern horizon and in shivering discomfort was experiencing a poor morning's shooting. The bluebills had been few and far between and the small number lying out in front had been the result of long shots taken as they hurtled by on rapid wings.

"Suddenly the gunner tensed, caught up the gun and stared seaward. Low over the water, straight toward the spit in rocket-like flight, came a single hurrying duck. Veering sharply a hundred yards away it swung in a wide circle, broadside to the blind, shot high over the decoys, wheeled over the beach and once more rushing seaward turned into the wind and came straight for the blind. The wind whistled sharply through the whirring wings and the bird stood out distinctly against the drab background of the sky. Head, neck and wings were snowy white, while the rest of the plumage and a line over the head was shining black; a patch of orange stood out at the base of the blackish bill and the feet were grayish blue.

"On it came, the wings set suddenly, and gliding up wind it reached the decoys. The tail spread widely, the feet dropped, and the wings beat heavily, checking the flight almost to a standstill—when a spurt of flame pierced the gray screen, a dull report reverberated over the waters and, crumpling loosely in the air, with dangling head and drooping wings, it plunged downward. A sullen splash showed itself on the gray surface, while ever widening ripples chased shoreward. But hist! The wind had risen to a shriek, the moan of the surf broke with a sobbing cry upon the sand, and the pallid gloom seemed suddenly to become a dense gray blanket, while above, in the flying cloud wrack, a sound rang out which seemed, as it were, the hollow tolling of a bell, a death knell, echoing faintly over the restless waters.

"Ah, yes, the voice of bereaved nature sounding the funeral dirge of another of her children as the life went out of that bird of mystery, and the last Labrador duck passed forever from amongst the ranks of living things."

And thus man heedlessly elbowed off the planet a shy fellow creature that minded its own business, kept out of man's way, never raided his crops nor disturbed his sleep, whose body could not be eaten and whose feathers were of small value. The duck's range was from the Labrador coast through Long Island Sound. There remain now just forty-two stuffed specimens in the museums of the world and a few ruins of what are believed to have been their nests in low trees of Labrador.

The last great auk's life ebbed out on the rocks of Fire Island. The destruction of this species constitutes another black mark against the account of mankind in his treatment of the lesser animals, for many, and man, also, is responsible for the fact that these interesting birds no longer inhabit the earth. The great auk was, in one respect at least, different from any other North American bird—it could not fly. And, although existing in swarming multitudes, this fact, to a large extent, accounted for their disappearance. Again, their habit of returning to the same localities to nest, and the accessibility of these breeding grounds to man, made the end only a matter of time.

The massacre of the last pair of great auks is also known, and Mr. Sprunt, too, describes that fatal day. He says:

"The stage was set for tragedy on Fire Island in the North Atlantic. On a June morning in 1844 a party of men rowed toward it from an anchored sloop. On the shore the sun, breaking through the clouds, glinted strongly on the breasts of hundreds of murres and razor-billed auks, standing over their eggs or scrambling about among the rocks, launching out over and anon in circling flight above the water and jostling each other in crowded confusion on the rocky ledges.

"It was an inspiring spectacle, but it awoke no admiration in the hearts of the approaching hunters. They were there for business. Pulling the small boat upon the shingle, they stepped out, and, grasping short, heavy clubs, advanced toward the ranks of nestling birds. As they neared one segment of the colony, one of the men gave a startled shout, which caused his companion to whirl around. He pointed toward a little hollow among the boulders, flanked by high walls of rock.

"They saw against the black wall two tall, stately, black-backed, white-breasted birds, towering over the lesser birds like giants in a pigmy village. two great auks, the last surviving representatives of their kind, after years of valuable, and common, destruction. Now they were doomed to destruction. 'After them!' shouted the hunter.

"Rushing forward, they penned in the two birds; one was quickly caught, the life dashed out by a blow of a club; the other slipping through the cordon, was swiftly toward the cliff, the tiny, useless wings held at right angles to the heavy body. Almost at the edge, beyond which lay safety, it was seized from behind, and the panting pursuer, emitting a yell of triumph, brought his club down upon the dark head.

"A cloud passed over the face of the sun, a gray wisp of fog closed sullenly about the face of the cliff and seemed to hover over the lifeless form on the ledge, while the whine of the thudding surf rose suddenly in thundering protest, as the life of the last great auk floated outward over its lost domain of rocks and ocean. The last great auk had passed into oblivion.

"In appearance the great auk was an imposing bird. Far larger than its cousins, in whose company it lived, the adult bird measured two feet six inches and carried itself with erect, stately poise. The upper parts were black, the sides of the throat and neck brown, with the breasts and under parts silvery white. A large white spot was before the eye.

"It has been estimated that about seventy eggs are in existence today in various collections, while the mounted specimens and skins number in the neighborhood of eighty. As may be supposed, both skins and eggs are extremely valuable, and command huge sums when they infrequently change hands. The great auk was the first of that growing list of birds which are now but memories and have faded into oblivion since the settling of this country."

The entire guilt of extermination cannot be placed on the hunters. The spread of cities and cultivated acres must of necessity drive the great masses of wild creatures before it. Some, like the rat, mouse, crow, cockroach, the weevil and Japanese beetle, instead of running, have turned around and made use of man and all his works that they found useful. Such is the success of some of these creatures in taking toll from the human race that, from their point of view, man might be considered their domesticated animal, but the majority are doomed to be driven into game preserves or oblivion.

At certain seasons of the Summer everyone has noticed what looks like small snowstorms around the street lamps—a sort of all-night devil-dance of little white flies. Next morning the bodies of these little May flies can sometimes be found an inch deep where they have dropped, dying from exhaustion. This species is exterminating itself, and all man has contributed to the process is Mr. Edison's electric light.

However, the inventor need not lose any of his reported four hours' sleep, because Professor Scudder, one of the leading authorities on fossil insects, believes that, without the lights, they would have committed suicide in some other manner. They are, he finds, from study of remote ages, "the lingering fragments of an expiring group," which once formed an impressive portion of the earth's insect population. They were too stupid to adapt themselves to an ever-changing world and most of them had disappeared before man chipped his first flint.

Unfortunately, the mosquito seldom does anything so foolish as buzz around a light. This blood burglar invades the cities, avoids the bright lights, seeks the unscreened windows, collects his booty and forces the hotel clerks to repeat all Summer long that they have no room for reservations before. Many harmless and desirable birds bat their brains out against the glass of lighthouses, but never the smart crow. He goes to bed early, to be up at dawn collecting his tax from the farmer. The United States Bureau of Agriculture is concocting perfumes in the hope of "vamping" the Japanese beetle to its destruction. But that beetle is no fool, and thus far the government has not been able to put much over on it.

It is still frequently asserted that man is the only creature that kills wantonly. This is contrary to fact and an injustice to the human hunter. Professor William E. Ritter, of the University of California, in his recent book, "The Natural History of Our Conduct," published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., points out that many wilful and useless killings are perpetrated by the higher and lower animals. He mentions that sheep-killing dogs, hunting in twos and threes, do not limit their attacks to their immediate vicinity, but spread destruction in all directions. Some kill only one or two in a flock, while others keep on until all are destroyed or crippled.

"That this sort of thing is not restricted to domesticated carnivores is proved by experiences of cattle-raisers with wolves on the great ranges of the Rocky Mountain States," says Professor Ritter. "A dramatic story is told of the Custer wolf of South Dakota in a Weekly News Letter of the United States Department of Agriculture:

"'When he killed for food he took only the choicest animals, but sometimes he killed for the mere sake of killing. Often he wounded cattle, breaking their legs, biting off their tails and mutilating them in unspeakable ways.'

"In the case of the California lion, he makes no use of his 'kills' after the first meal. A lion ranges definite beats over about 100 square miles, usually making his rounds every four or five days. When the Summer sheep range in its beat at any place the lion may kill several sheep within a few minutes, sometime during the night, take one feed and then continue on around his beat, make a kill or two at some other point and not return for the range for several days. It is hard to see any justification whatever in his notion that he must have tastes out of several sheep carcasses at one and the same meal."

Among North American birds the shrike is the most notorious murderer because he not only slaughters uselessly great numbers of other birds and insects, but impales them on thorns, sharp sticks, barbs of wire fences, and then carelessly wanders off and leaves the carcasses to spoil. The main difference between the shrike and the human big game hunter is that the bird neglects to have himself photographed with his kill. The author quotes an old Turkish proverb which says that the rose starling kills ninety-nine grasshoppers before it eats one.

Such cruelty by animal hunters is against their own interests because it tends to exterminate the food on which they live and thus to bring about their own extermination. Herbivorous animals are just as foolish as man and the carnivora. Cattle when they break into a corn field infuriate the farmer by not only eating what they want, but by uprooting, trampling and otherwise destroying as much more as they can possibly manage. So man will have to police his game preserves against animal criminals and animal "bone-heads," but, first of all, he must police himself as the worst offender of all.

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Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 12)

whole caboodle of relatives, yours and his, arrived. I should have been in an awful funk. I guess I should have beat it."

"You couldn't have, once you were up against it," Pan returned slowly. "You see," her small tanned face went hot suddenly, but she continued evenly, "you see nothing seemed to matter, except that Quarrender should pull through."

Suzette slowed down the auto. She seemed in no hurry to reach the Club.

"You like him a lot, don't you?"

"I guess so," said Pan. There was a weary note in her voice.

"I'm sorry I tried to cut you out with him a few weeks back," Suzette said. "I guess I didn't realize it was serious with you." She added unexpectedly, "Though, maybe, I shouldn't have cared—then."

And again Pan wondered.

There was a short silence, but just before they drew in through the Club gates, Suzette turned towards her and said suddenly:

"Do you think the experience has—harmed you any? You know what I mean, harmed you in your mind?"

Pan looked up at her quickly. "I don't think I understand."

"I guess it's hard to explain what I mean. But they say that sort of thing harms a girl, not only her reputation, but her own self. Makes her hard, or loose, according to her temperament. I've had that drummed into my head all my life, and I believed it. But, lately, I've been thinking . . ." She hesitated a moment, as though trying to find the right words. "Don't you think it could work the other way, too?" she resumed a minute later. "Make a girl more human, more decent somehow? Make her understand folks better, and become more tolerant, less self-centered? You know, when you're fresh and innocent and all that sort of thing, you may be nicer in some ways, but it seems to me you're harder, too."

There was a longish pause. "I think I see what you mean," Pan said slowly. "You mean, if you loved the fellow you would have known something big, anyhow, whatever happened afterwards. These petting parties we go on, and no one thing might be worse of us for it, are playing at something in a small way that shouldn't be played at."

Another pause. Then Suzette asked, "Why didn't you marry Quarrender, Pan?"

"He didn't want me." Pan smiled slightly. "There was another girl in 'Frisco, too. But I guess, she added, "if he had loved me, he could have forgotten about her. Quarrender's got ideas about things, especially marriage. He thinks if you pick out the right girl, without being influenced by sentiment, it will last. He believes all these marriage failures are caused by men getting hot-headed over some girl they don't know much about and marrying her without stopping to think whether or not she's the right wife for them.

"But surely, that's rather a cold-blooded doctrine?" Suzette objected when Pan paused for breath.

"Maybe," Pan agreed. "I thought so, naturally." She gave a little laugh. "But Quarrender's hard about some things. He's stubborn, too."

Suzette looked at her, with a little wonder. "Yet you're still crazy about him?"

Pan smiled tightly. "Yes, I'm still crazy about him."

"Have you heard how he is?" Suzette asked presently.

"I had a note the other day from the doctor who has been looking after him. He says Quarrender is almost well and will be leaving Cape Harring shortly. Going back to 'Frisco, I suppose."

"Good luck to him!" said Suzette, as she climbed out of the car. "I bet, if what you say of him is true, he will keep clear of this place."

Pan resented the tone of her voice. All the same, as she followed Suzette into the locker room, she did not feel like starting an argument over it. She felt curiously reluctant to argue with anyone these days. She just let them say what they liked. As if she no longer cared.

So the Summer wore on. . . .

From being the most indulgent of parents, Major and Mrs. Penambles came to treat Pan as though she could not be trusted out of their sight for a single minute. Even when an out of town boy took her to one of the Friday night Club dances, they insisted upon accompanying her and making her sit with them during the intervals.

To Pan, that was the final straw. Not that the boy interested her particularly, but the continual suggestion of distrust in her parents' manner was hateful.

"This is terrible!" she exploded to Suzette in the locker room. "They think they're doing it for my sake, bless them, but they're slowly driving me insane. I've got to get away somewhere, anywhere."

"I can understand that," said Suzette. She was standing before the long mirror. But she was not looking at the very charming picture she made in her shaded heliotrope gown. Her low smooth brow was creased in a frown. "Look here," she said presently, swinging towards Pan, the taffeta of her dress swishing pleasantly as she moved. "Why not come to New York with me? I'm going in a couple of weeks. Theatrical managers booking for the Fall season, you know." She colored faintly, as she said it. The excuse rushed a little too glibly off her tongue. She continued hurriedly. "No reason why we couldn't go down to the great city together. I guess Lorna Gerschaner, she's the chum I share an apartment with, would let you sleep in the sitting room until you get fixed somewhere else. She might even be able to give you a job in the coffee shop. At least, until you landed another one."

"Suzette, that would be wonderful. I'd give anything to go to New York!" For a minute the old light flickered in Pan's amber eyes. How glorious to escape from this place where memories hurt and tongues lashed her, where life was so petty and mean. If only she could get away to some city where no one knew her, where no one cared what had happened to her in the past, or what she had done. . .

"Then come," said Suzette. "There's nothing to stop you."

"My folks——" began Pan.

Suzette tossed her black head as she laughed. "You talk like some sweet thing out of the nineties. What's come over you, Pan? Show me the modern parent who can stop his daughter doing anything that enters her head."

"It's not that," said Pan.

But she did not explain further. She could not, even to Suzette. For, much as her parents present attitude hurt her, she knew her last escapade had caused them so much pain and anxiety that she felt it was up to her to consider them more in the future. But . . . if only they should be willing to have her go!

"It ought to be gay in New York this Fall," chatted Suzette. "A man I know is opening a new night club on the lower East side. He's a sculptor really, but a pal of his is financing this venture."

A night club on the lower East side . . . where had Pan heard that before? But, of course, the tall, thin stranger she had driven up to the Mobrays' home the morning before she started out for Cape Harring. She remembered a bit had not liked him; at least, not much, though she had felt his attraction.

"You mean the tall man I gave a lift out to your place one morning about a month ago?"

Suzette nodded. "Yes, Rake Dawson." She was looking at herself critically in the mirror, and asked with seeming carelessness, "How did you like him?"

"I thought . . ." began Pan.

But, after all, she never said what she thought. Something in Suzette's attitude warned her. She could not have told you what it was, except a certain tenseness as though she were but waiting for any sign of disagreement to spring, her claws sharp to get at you. As though she expected that word of disparagement and she might even have measures have agreed with you, yet she would spring.

It was odd. Pan sensed all this keenly without being able to understand it at all. She felt that in speaking of this man she would be treading dangerous ground. That it was as much as her new-found friendship with Suzette was worth.

She thought, and felt a little sick about admitting it, "Suzette and that man. She's too nice for him . . . much too nice."

Aloud she finished her sentence. "I thought he seemed all right, though I didn't get much chance to talk to him."

Now that the danger was passed, she realized keenly that there had been danger. For Suzette laughed, and the smile that had been a mask, became natural.

"Im glad you liked him," she said. "If you come to New York with me you'll probably see a good deal of him. And it will be fun. You must come, Pan."

"I'll talk it over with Mum and Dad," said Pan, although, at the time, she had not much hope of her parents consenting.

She put it to them tentatively, some nights later, as they sat over dinner.

As she had anticipated, their first reaction was instant refusal to countenance such a thing. Their daughter in a coffee shop! Their daughter a waitress, serving any strange young man who cared to come in and order a meal!

"Oh, Daddy," Pan protested. "It would not be at all like that, really. Lorna Gerschaner, who runs it, is an old college chum of Suzette's, and the girls who help are friends of hers."

All the same, she was commanded sickly to stop talking about it. Yet, later that week, Major Penambles met Doctor Warner, who had known Pan from babyhood up, by chance on the street.

"Look here, Dick," Doc Warner had said, "why don't you send that girl of yours away for a spell? I won't be responsible for her health if she hangs around here much longer. She needs something to occupy her mind. Let her go away and take a job. Hasn't she any ambition along that line?"

Oh, yes, she had, the Major admitted reluctantly. She had spoken about it only the other day. Some fool notion of going up to New York and helping in an artistic restaurant.

"Capital," Doctor Warner clapped him heartily on the back. "That's a fine idea. Must keep a young girl occupied these days. I'd let her go as soon as it can be arranged."

That night Major Penambles discussed the matter with his wife. At least he discussed it and Mrs. Penambles murmured vaguely in agreement when he paused for breath.

The upshot of it was that the Major managed to convince himself that the Doctor had been right. Perhaps it would be better for all concerned if Pan went away from Bolton for a time.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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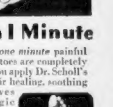

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And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left as soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. ZIRA

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

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Look Your Child Over Before School Opens

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE Chinese have many peculiar but nevertheless sensible customs which we might borrow with great advantage. One of these is their methods of payment to physicians.

A family, or person, pays the doctor in advance, to keep them well, but let a person become sick and the doctor is blamed because he has not made his patient follow such health practices as to make sickness well nigh impossible.

In short, the Chinese were the first to practice what we now call "preventive medicine," assuredly a practical and even necessary plan.

While numbers of adults in this country too follow habits of frequent physical examination, how many mothers provide for periodic examinations of Dick and Dorothy?

"Why," I hear some mothers say, "the children have been at camp all Summer enjoying a glorious vacation and are in the pink of condition. Ridiculous to take them to a doctor to look at their tongues!"

But alas, no, it does not always follow that because Dorothy has grown two inches and looks like a string bean, or because Dick returns with a coat of tan as deep as a mulberry, that they need no checking up of their real bodily condition. Perhaps this lengthening of limb only means that all the food Dorothy ate was used up in making longer bones, but how about the adequate development of her muscular tissue and vital organs?

I personally never was so surprised as when an excellent doctor looked at one of my daughters, 12 years old, who weighed about 130 pounds, and pointed out that all her food had gone to this outside, or visible weight, at the expense of the development of her inner mechanism and her nervous growth.

There is another type of child, too, who may become over-stimulated with a Summer spent at a competitive form of camp where "points" are eagerly featured. There the precise ordering of every hour of the day, while excellent as discipline to a more stolid type of child, has an unfortunate reaction to the sensitive boy or girl.

Again, in my personal experience, one boy of 12 returned from a military camp improved physically but so "keyed up" nervously that it took genuine care to "ease him down" into a more placid and normal school routine.

Here perhaps is the place to again call attention to the importance of diet in the life and health of the growing child. So much education has been done on these lines that one would suppose that every mother subconsciously knows what her child should eat. But alas, any walk in an amusement park or along the beaches discloses little Bobby, aged 4, sucking a frozen and synthetic lollypop, while Mollie, aged 6, is bolting a "hot dog" smothered in mustard or eating griddle cakes, while little Willie in his go-cart is licking a fast-melting chocolate-covered nut bar.

There is absolutely no relation between the facts of a Summer's holiday and better eating or nourishment. Indeed, the case seems quite the reverse in many instances, where picnics and jaunts and Summer amusements result in most irregular eating hours. Indeed, the quiet observer believes that in the Summer vacation the stomachs of many Dicks and Dorothys have been subjected to more than the usual strain.

What shall we give the growing child to eat? That depends on its age, its present weight, its body type, and on the psychological factors influencing both its school and home environment. Any growing child has a three-fold task: to grow, or as we think of it in visible terms, to become taller, heavier and more like adults; to complete the complicated and delicate inner growth of bodily organs; to have enough surplus energy left over with which to tackle both studies and sports. In the language of the streets, "Some job, yeah?"

And only food will do it, coupled with sleep and a happy environment.

This "string-bean" girl approaching womanhood may develop a picky appetite which will have to be coddled with attractive salads and dainty portions disguising nourishing foods. She needs food iron and plenty of it, therefore spinach and milk, oranges and tomatoes, lentils and other beans must be her daily portion. The ball-playing boy whose stomach seems bottomless requires cannon-ball puddings with sweet sauces, home made cookies, sweet fruits and bread with generous "spreads" of nourishing fillings.

And what of teeth, tonsils and eyes—to mention only a few of the organs where unfortunately so many human ills take unpleasant root? The wise adage of "see your dentist twice a year" must be enforced before children go back to school, because here is certainly one place where an ounce of inspection or preview is worth a pound of pain and filling later.

Badly erupting wisdom teeth may explain a later poor report card, while tiny cracks which seem evident only when eating candy must not be allowed to grow into great cavities. Surely with all America's bumper crops of abundant fruit, vegetables and milk, the teeth of our next generation of children should be like the proverbial pearls!

And as to eyes, here perhaps is the one point where most children are frequently examined. But often, too, not soon enough to detect the squint in Dick's eyes or the painful near-sightedness in Dorothy's. So many books, so much reading of small print rapidly change the focus of our eyes and only constant or sufficiently frequent examination will prevent eye-strain and possible attendant failure in studies.

The vaccination topic is divided into two hostile camps of followers, Bernard Shaw actively leading for the opposition. But if it is a school law, then by all means have it attended to sufficiently in advance of school entrance so that the child will not need to waste school time out for its attention later.

Any trustworthy, competent, all-round family physician can make a complete physical examination of the child in his office. And it should be done, and done before the school bell rings. Mothers who spend hours and days and much money fussing with school "outfits" of suits and sweaters and caps should equally fuss or overlook the child's physical outfit. Failure to do so is much like giving the suits a new coat of paint without first finding out if it needs a new gasket, a new carburetor or if there is a leak in the radiator. Body machines, too, need periodic "overhauling," and just before going back to school is one of the best times for Dick and Dorothy.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapefruit.	Figs.	Grapes.	Pears.	Apple Sauce.	Melons.	Peaches.
Poached Egg on Graham Toast.	Creamed Dried Beef.	Broiled Meat Balls.	Prepared Cereal.	Plain Omelet.	Savory Omelet.	Prepared Cereal.
Bacon.	Biscuits.	Muffins.	Popovers.	Bacon.	Potato Muffins.	French Toast.
Coffee.	Coffee.	Apple Sauce.	Coffee.	Corn Muffins.	Coffee.	Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Cold).*
Iced Bouillon.	Stuffed Ripe	*Luncheon*	Cold Sliced	*Luncheon*	Banana Salad.	Jellied
Crackers.	Pear Salad.	Stuffed	Guinea Hen.	Baked	Fruit Salad	Chicken or
Hot	Watercress and	Tomato	Stewed Corn.	Macaroni.	Dressing.	Veal Loaf.
Marshmallow.	Left-Over	Salad.	Ice Box Rolls.	Green	Peanut Butter	Tomato Salad.
Gingerbread.	Meat Sandwiches.	Biscuits.	Banana Royal.	Bouquet	Bread	Potato
Iced Tea.	Ginger Ale and	Norwegian	Iced Punch.	Salad	(Baked on	Chips.
Dinner	Grape Sherbet	Prune Pudding.	*Dinner*	(Cress, etc.).	Friday).	Stuffed Eggs.
Frozen	Cup.	Iced Coffee.	Casserole of	Russian French	Iced Cocoa.	Favorite
Tomato	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Ham and Lima	Dressing.	*Dinner*	Pickles.
Cocktail.	Meat Loaf	*(Company)*	Beans.	Plums.	Stuffed Meat	One-Two-
Casserole	with	Jellied	Stuffed	Cream Cheese.	Balls. Gravy.	Three
Veal	Savory Tomato	Consomme.	Squash.	Punch.	Stewed	Dessert.
Chops.	Sauce.	Roast Guinea	Jellied	*Dinner*	Potatoes or	Ginger Ale
Paprika	Spaghetti.	Hen.	Philadelphia	Tomato	Buttered	Punch.
Potatoes.	Endive and	Potatoes.	Relish.	Cocktail.	Noodles.	*Supper*
Corn on the	Cucumber	Wild Plum	Loganberry	Halibut au	Stuffed	Savory
Cob.	Salad.	Jelly.	Sponge with	Gratin.	Cucumber	Sandwiches
Apricot	Lemon Snow	Succotash.	Whipped	Potatoes.	Salad.	(Left-Over).
Tarts.	with Custard	Raspberry or	Cream.	Beans.	Coffee	Mystery
	Sauce.	Peach Sherbert.	Angel	Pineapple	Mousse.	Milk Shake.
		Party Cakes.	Squares.	Sherbert		
				with Cup Cakes.		

Appetizers and Punches

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Grape Juice Surprise.

TO 1 cup sweetened white grape juice add 2 cups charged water and serve immediately.

After-the-Theatre Punch.

TO 3 bottles best ginger ale add 1 quart of orange juice. Stir in 2 quarts of orange water sherbet.

Grape Delight.

FILL glass one-third with grape juice, one-third with chilled ginger ale and finish with grape sherbet.

Crabflake Cocktail.

PREPARE as above, substituting 1 cup of crabflakes for the asparagus. Serve with an oyster fork.

Tomato Juice Cocktail.

MIX 2 quarts of strained tomato juice or pulp with 1 tablespoon grated horseradish, 1½ teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon of sugar. Chill or freeze to a mush and serve in cold cocktail glasses.

Luncheon Punch.

BOIL 1 cup of sugar with ½ cup of water 5 minutes. Mix 2 cups lemon juice, 1 cup of orange juice and the sugar syrup. Pour over crushed ice and just before serving add 1 cup of ginger ale. Dilute with ice water.

Ginger Ale Lemonade.

BOIL 2 quarts sugar with 1 quart water until it forms a syrup. Cool slightly and add 1 cup mint leaves. Add 1 quart lemon juice and 1 cup orange juice. Strain over a block of ice and add 2 gallons ice water and 1 gallon ginger ale.

Fruit Punch.

BOIL 1 quart of sugar with 2 cups of water for 8 minutes. Boil 1 can of grated pineapple with 3 cups of boiling water 20 minutes, strain, cool and add 1 cup fresh tea, juice of 6 lemons, juice of 10 oranges, 1 quart of currant juice and the sugar syrup. Add 1 gallon ice water and 1 quart charged water.

American Weekly Patterns

A STYLISH, SEASONABLE DRESS (7259). Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material and ⅝ yard of contrasting material.

A PLEASING MODEL FOR MATURE FIGURES (6824). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size will require 5¼ yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material requires ⅝ yard 39 inches wide. The trimming band of lace requires 1 yard.

A NEAT MORNING FROCK OR SMOCK (7265). Designed in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4⅝ yards of 35-inch material.

A DISTINCTIVE SCHOOL DRESS (7273). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 2⅝ yards of the plaid material and ½ yard of the plain, 35 inches wide.

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7272). Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 2¼ yards of 29-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeve, 1⅞ yards will be required.

GIRL'S DRESS (6924). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size requires 2⅝ yard of 35-inch material. For collar, belt and cuffs, and one inch plaiting on collar and cuffs, ½ yard 35 inches wide is required, cut crosswise.

BOY'S SHIRT OR BLOUSE (7138). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material for a 10-year size in shirt length. In blouse length, 1⅝ yards will be required.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to

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11 STERLING PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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6924	Years	7138	Years
7272	Years		

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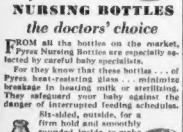
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FROM all the bottles on the market, Pyrex Nursing Bottles are especially selected by careful baby specialists.
For they know that these bottles . . . of Pyrex heat-resisting glass . . . minimize breakage in heating milk or sterilizing. They safeguard your baby against the danger of interrupted feeding schedules.
Six-sided, outside, for a firm hold and smoothly rounded, inside, to make cleaning easy. Ounces and half-ounces plainly marked. The 8-oz. size, narrow neck or wide mouth, 25c. The 4-oz. size, narrow neck, 15c.
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At the first sign of a sneeze, take a Luden's—for Quick Relief—Keep nose and throat menthol-cooled.
LUDEN'S
Sclare—10c in Canada

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Shaving Cream
A New Shaving Cream It Soothes as It Softens

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS
OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE
Let DOLE PINEAPPLE take the labor out of your Labor Day picnic!

Serve . . .
. . . a leaf of lettuce, a slice of DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple, and deviled eggs as you usually prepare them. (And don't forget to put the can opener in the picnic kit.)
SOMETIMES picnics turn out to be more work than fun. But yours won't—if you serve this new DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple plate with your sandwiches! It's no trouble at all to prepare. And do try adding the pineapple juice to your lemonade. It makes a marvelously refreshing drink. Pineapple Tidbits, too, are a wonderful treat on a picnic!
What's more, you can choose the grade of DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple best suited to the picnic or home dish you are preparing. For when this sun-ripened fruit is being canned, James D. Dole marks the grades as nature gives them—right in the top of the can—DOLE 1, or DOLE 2, or DOLE 3. So insist on having only Canned Hawaiian Pineapple with the DOLE grade-mark stamped in the top of the can, and be certain what grade you are getting *when you buy.*
Read all about the three DOLE grades
GRADE 1
In Sliced, or Crushed, or Tidbit form. . . The pick of the pack, in appearance and flavor. In richest syrup.
GRADE 2
In Sliced, or Crushed, or Tidbit form. . . Less perfect in appearance, in syrup less sweet, and therefore less expensive.
GRADE 3
Broken slices only . . . Therefore the least expensive. Packed in the same syrup as DOLE 2.
SLICED-CRUSHED TIDBITS
SLICED-CRUSHED TIDBITS
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FREE! . . . Mail to: HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, Dept. AS, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Please send me a free copy of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" with its 39 new recipes.
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DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

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Mrs Busy *answered these questions* Can you?

1 What soap is used in leading maternity hospitals to bathe newborn babies?

Ivory. Doctors and nurses know that Ivory is so gentle and pure —safe for baby's sensitive skin.

2 What soap is advised by salespeople—8 times out of 10—to wash lovely silks and soft woolens?

Ivory. Salespeople know that delicate fabrics need the especially *safe care of Ivory.*

3 What suds do silk and woolen manufacturers know are safe?

Ivory suds—manufacturers have tested Ivory on delicate colors and fabrics.

4 What soap does every real man want to find in his bath tub?

Always "the floater." Ivory is big and handy—never makes a man smell "pretty."

5 What soap will keep your hands smooth when you wash dishes, clothes—or houseclean?

Ivory—its rich, quick-working suds keep the skin and cuticle so fresh and smooth.

6 What is America's favorite soap?

Ivory—the finest, purest soap money can buy!

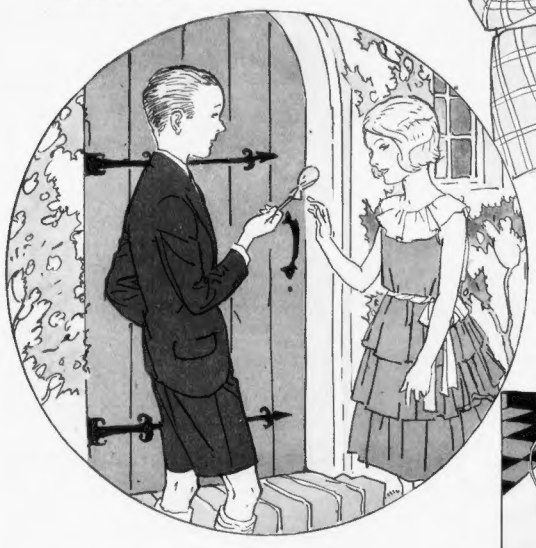
Love is terrible—love is grand!

Bobby Busy hasn't ever been what you'd call anxious to be awful clean before. But — a 10-year-old beauty with blonde curls has just moved into the block. And Bobby has taken a shine to her! So Bobby slicks up his ears and neck with Ivory suds. And he has a swell time in an Ivory bath. Ivory is a floater. Ivory makes a feller smell clean. "Gee," says Bobby, "it's only sissy boys who'd use pretty-smelling perfumed soap!"

A handsome secret

Mrs. Busy and Mrs. Gabby are having a good laugh over Mrs. Snip. "Yes, both her maids gave notice and walked out on her," says Mrs. Gabby. "Serves her right, she's been putting on airs ever since she came into money. She looked mighty cross in the grocer's this morning . . . she was buying a lot of kitchen soap. And her hands were a sight!"

"Kitchen soap?" gasps Mrs. Busy, "well, I thought she knew better. I haven't had a bar of strong soap in my house since I switched over to Ivory. I do every bit of my washing and cleaning with Ivory, and it keeps my hands so nice."



Bella's got him!

Yes, when Tom saw Bella in her prettiest dress by the light of a big summer moon, he suggested a little home for two. And Bella said "yes."

Now Bella's trotting after bargains for her wedding outfit. She's going to put everybody's eyes out when they see her new clothes. Bella's as cagey as you make 'em. She sleuths around for step-ins and pajamas and dresses that are marked down because slightly soiled. "You just wash them in Ivory Snow," says the salesgirl, "and they'll look new." Yes, the wonderful new Ivory Snow is marvelous for silks, because it dissolves instantly in *lukewarm* water.

Toodles is being fished out of Mrs. Busy's cleaning pail. He saw Ivory floating in it, and thought it was time for another Ivory bath. You see, Toodles has been brought up on Ivory baths because the doctor told Mrs. Busy she couldn't find a purer, gentler soap.

***For how many of these purposes have you tried* IVORY?**

Shampoo . . . with the new Ivory Snow or the new instantly-dissolving Ivory Flakes.

Piano keys . . . strong soaps turn piano keys yellow.

Painted woodwork . . . strong soaps eat off the gloss.

Enameled refrigerators . . . The alkali in strong soaps affects enamel.

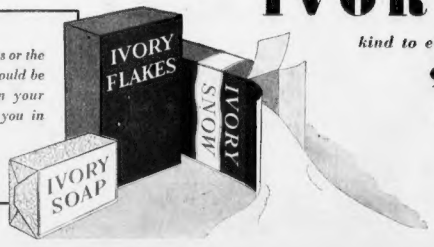
Spots off carpets . . . Dip a brush into thick Ivory suds and apply it to spot. Sponge off with cloth. You can clean Oriental rugs this way.

White kid shoes . . . damp cloth and Ivory . . . clean a few inches at a time. Don't soak with water.

Parchment lamp shades . . . see kid shoes.

Linoleum . . . Ivory makes it wear longer. Strong soaps actually attack the linoleum.

Ivory—in cake, flakes or the new Snow form—should be by every faucet in your home. It can help you in 1001 ways.



IVORY SOAP

kind to everything it touches

99 44/100 % PURE

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